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Ed. I

4

THE Woman-Captain: A COMEDY ACTED by His Royal Highnesses SERVANTS.

Written by *THO. SHADWELL.*

5487

LONDON,
Printed for *Samuel Carr*, at the *King's-Head* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, 1680.

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TO
HENRY Lord OGLE,

SON to his GRACE

HENRY Duke of *NEWCASTLE*, &c.

THE great Obligations I received from my most Noble Patron, your illustrious Grandfather, and the favours conferred upon me by your Excellent Father (amongst which, I can think none greater than his recommending me to your Lordships Kindness and Protection) have engaged me to make this acknowledgment of my Duty to your Lordship; and to beg that you will own me, and defend this Comedy. I hope I shall, hereafter, be able to present you with something more worthy your Acceptance; but let this suffice to give you a title to me, and all my endeavors, which, as often as I can, shall be employ'd to serve you.

Had you not been obliged by the commands of your Father to favour and protect me; yet, from you I should have hop'd to have found Patronage; for the great Love which you have for Arts and Sciences, which would have made you cherish my endeavors towards them: By this inclination you give us early proofs of your inheriting the Vertues of your Ancestors, as you are like to do their Fortunes; which with the great accession by your Match with the Noble and Renowned Family of the Piercies, *will make your Lordship the greatest Subject of* England. *And, by your early Vertues, you give all, that know you, hopes that you will be able to maintain that Character, by all the qualities that become a great Man: And, from the two Noble Stocks of* Cavendish *and* Piercy, *Posterity is like*

to see a race of true, and not Romantick Heroes, who may serve their Prince virtuously, and that way oblige their Countrey as we doubt not but your Lordship will.

My Lord, it has been the custom of Dedicators of late to make the Praises they give to their Patrons so extravagant, that they become Abuses; and therefore I am loath to say what I think: only one virtue of your Lordships I am too much pleas'd with not to mention; which is, that in this Age, when Learning is grown contemptible to those who ought most to advance it, and Greek *and* Latin *Sence is despised, and* French *and* English *Nonsence applauded, when the ancient Nobility and Gentry of* England, *who not long since were famous for their Learning, have now sent into the World a certain kind of spurious brood of illiterate and degenerous Youth, your Lordship dares love Books, and labour to have Learning. And may your Lordship go on in this virtuous race you have begun, that so you may be a Protection to your Servants, a Consolation to your Friends, and an Honour to your Countrey; which is the hearty Wish of*

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Obedient

humble Servant

Tho. Shadwell.

Prologue.

Spoken by *Anthony Lee.*

LOrd! how the Poets in these times will pine,
For solid Dulness they must all design,
When Wit won't sell, and they shall lose French *Wine.*
And what can Players hope for in these days,
When e'r the Idle Youth forsake our Plays.
The empty Head, that never thought before
But on New fashions, or a fresh new Whore:
Who, without us, no Afternoon could spend,
Nor shew Himself, nor meet a secret Friend,
Whom mounting from the Pit we use to see
(For dangerous Intrigues) to'th' Gallery.
Where stead of Maidenheads 'tis oft his hap
By bold advent'ring to atchieve a Clap,
Or down he comes, and lolls i'th Orange-wenches lap.
For News he now walks gravely up and down,
And every Fop's a Politician grown,
Instead of——
Pox here's no Company, let's to White-hall,
Or to the Park, or where is there a Ball?
What News! ha' ye been at Westminster *to day?*
How move the French? *what do the great Ones say?*
Things go not well, we wish we know not what;
But there are some can tell, we're sure of that:
With Politick shrug, and notable wise Look,
They censure Councels, who ne'r read a Book.
The Citt, who with his Wife and hopeful Son
Would come t' a merry Play, now all does shun,
And on the Guard learns to let off a Gun.
Others their Shops and precious Wares neglect,
With their wise Heads the Nation to protect:
Ev'n Bulks all day of Tenants are bereft;
For News stitching, and singing Psalms are left.
Each Coffee-house is fill'd with subtle folk,
Who wisely talk, and politickly smoke.
To them whose Right it is, leave Government,
And come to us, we'll give you all content:

Full

Full Theatres, like overflowing Nile,
Shew Peace and Plenty in this happy Isle.
The Nation's weather-glass a Play-house is;
And when we thrive, you never do amiss.
Fear not that we'll offend you with much wit,
This day we promise you shall quiet sit,
And have a Play for men of business fit:
And though you cruelly should Damn that Play,
I'll hang, if I don't make you laugh to-day.

Drammatis Personæ.

Sir *Humphrey Scattergood*, { A Prodigal, Extravagant, and Luxurious Knight.

Bellamy, *Wildman*, { His two Friends.

Gripe. { A miserable Wretch, that denies himself all Necessaries, very Jealous of his Wife.

Richard, his Man.

Sir *Christopher Swash*, { A foolish Debauched hot-headed Fellow, always Drinking and Scowring, desirous to be thought a mad Fellow.

Heildebrand, *Blunderbus*, { Two Bullies, followers of Sir *Christopher*.

Sir *Nich. Peakgoose*, A sneaking Cully, nosed by a Whore.

Steward to Sir *Humphrey*.

Mrs. *Gripe*, *Gripe*'s Wife, the Woman-Captain.

Serjeant.

Phillis, Sir *Humphrey*'s Whore.

Cloris, Sir *Christopher*'s Whore.

Celia, Sir *Nicholas*'s Whore.

Bawd, Fool, High-Constable, Constable, Watch, Servants, Market-Women, Apprentices, Parson, Soldiers, *&c.*

SCENE *LONDON*.

Epilogue.

Spoken by Mrs. *Barrey*, who acted the *Woman-Captain*.

WHo dares deny the Poet his applauſe
When I am Champion, and aſſert his cauſe?
Let him be Bully, ne'r ſo ſtout and tall,
'Sdeath I'll not fear the briskeſt of ye all:
No, though ye Rant and Roar, and ſometimes Fight,
I've that which never fails to do me right.
Your would-be Wits love what is ſlight and bright
In Tinſel-wit, juſt like their own delight,
And Plays like Birth-day Suits, made for a Night,
Theſe are o'rejoy'd to have a jeſt at hand
That coſts but little Wit to underſtand.
Good ſence, like ſolid Meat to ſickly Men,
As ſoon as ſwallowed, is thrown up agen;
And for ſtrong Meats, but few of ye are fit,
Who to meet Wit, ſhould come with equal Wit,
And faith of late, that's but thin ſown i'th' Pit.
He found by's laſt, you would not like what's good,
Though it was praiſed by all that underſtood.
Remembring how you uſed that laſt he writ,
He made this Low, ſo to your Level fit;
Plenty of Noiſe, and ſcarcity of Wit——
The Devil's in you all, if this don't hit:
Yet after all, if any one there be
So careleſs of his Life to anger me,
In daring to diſpraiſe the Play, or Action,
There take my Glove, for I'll have Satisfaction.

THE Woman-Captain.

ACT. I.

Enter Sir Humphrey Scattergood *dreſſing, Steward and Fool, with a number of old Servants.*

1 *Serv.* GOod your Worſhip! Turn us not away. I liv'd with my old Maſter Thirty years and upwards.

2 *Serv.* And I fifty.

Sir Hump. Yes! he lov'd an old-faſhion'd block-headed greaſy Servingman, whoſe Cloaths were died with Drippings of March Beer, and whoſe Beards ſtunk of Beef and Brewis, and his Breath like the fume of an Alms-Tub.

3 *Serv.* We are all old, and have liv'd a long time here.

Sir Humph. Ye have the more reaſon to go away now, you are purſy, lazy, clumſy Rogues; The time my Father's will requir'd you to be here is out. This is my happy Day of four and twenty, till which long time my Father's Will kept me from my Eſtate. I now diſcard ye all; now I'll be Maſter, I have provided a ſet of *French*-fellows to ſerve me; they are fit for Service.

Stew. They are for Slavery, They are born and bred to it: But it was never good time ſince *Engliſh* Fools were ſerv'd by *French* Rogues.

Sir Humph. Hey! *Dubois!* give 'em 40 *s.* a piece to drink, and ſend 'em packing.

Servants. Good my Lord, We beſeech your Lordſhip.——

Dubois. Wait without! [*Ex. all, but Steward and Fool. Sir Hum. & Valet de Chambre.*

Sir Humph. How now, why ſtays that Fool?

Fool. Becauſe that Fool has more wit than to go away.

Sir Humph. Sirrah! begon! I will not keep you.——

Fool. Some body I ſee has us'd wicked Court Policy to ſupplant me in my employment.

Sir Humph. I'll keep no Fool, 'tis out of faſhion for great Men to keep Fools.

Fool. Becauſe now adays they are their own Fools, and ſo ſave Charges: But for all that they delight in Fools out of Livery. When do you ſee any of 'em favour a Wit?

Sir Humph. I'll have none, 'tis exploded ev'n upon the Stage.

Fool. But for all that *Shakeſpear*'s Fools had more Wit than any of the Wits and Criticks now adays: Well, if the Hiſtory of Fools were written, the whole Kingdom would not contain the Library; yet a vaſt number of Fools have been in Print, and written their own Hiſtories.

Sir Humph. You are a Satyrical Fool, and will give offence.

Fool. Indeed this Age is not able to bear Satyr; and yet 'tis a very laughing jeering age: all Fools laugh at one another, and ſcarce any one is ſuch a Fool, but he has a ſub-Fool that he can laugh at——

Sir Humph. Begon Sirrah! I'll have no fooling.

Fool. Good Sir *Humphrey*, I will be a faſhionable Fool, and learn to liſp, ſpeak French, and be very much affected. I will be a well-bred Fool, a Flatterer, or a Pimp, if you pleaſe, you may turn away a Knave or a Chaplain for me.

Sir Humph. Who waits there! take away the Fool! [*They thruſt.* Well, Mr. Steward, upon condition you will leave off your miſerable advice, and follow my Inſtructions, I receive you agen.

Stew. Since it muſt be! I'll endeavour to obey you in all.

Sir Humph. Put ſome Pulvilio into my Peruke! give me ſome Tuberoſe. You old Fool reach ſome Orange-Flower water for my Handkerchief, how do you like this!

Stew. I dare not tell you.

Sir Humph. I'll give you leave.

Stew. Methinks! it is unmanly to keep ſuch a ſtir about ones Body, I'd rather be embalm'd, like an Ægyptian body, once for all, and make no more trouble of it.

Sir Humph. Thou doſt not conſider what a ſtinking Animal man is, exceeding all Beaſts in ſtinking, and wouldſt thou not have one mollifie theſe Natural imperfections——

Stew. I would have you cleanly, and ſerve God as my old Mr. did; ſure your Worſhip does not conſider—— *Sir*

Sir Humph. Yes fool—I do nothing but consider how I may please every sense, I have. They were not given me in vain. No—all my study shall be bent to find variety of Delights, and when my own too barren fancy stops, I'll have a Council wittier than *Nero*'s, to invent new Pleasures.

Enter Bellamy *and* Wildman.

Bell. Good morrow to my Lord of Land and Timber! long may'st thou live and flourish in thy pleasures. The happy day is now arriv'd that makes thee Master of thy Acres, and thy self.

Wildm. A Thousand Joys fall on you. The Slavery you did endure under your wretched Father, will make you relish the Liberty you now arrive at.

Sir Humph. And I will use it to the full! nor Land nor Sea shall bound my pleasures—what e'r the Globe affords I'll have to satisfie my Luxury.

Bell. Virtuously resolved.

Wildm. Joy of my heart: go on.

Sir Humph. I Married one young fond fool, and broke her heart already; But now I keep a Whore, or Whores.

Stew. Yes, all the Parish from fifteen to five and thirty.

Bell. Virtuous still.

Stew. Excellent Councellors for the speedy confounding of an Estate.

Sir Humph. You that were my Father's good old Steward, and are my formal Coxcomb: I have taken a new course, and so must you: I'll not be serv'd so nastily as in my days of Nonage, or as my Father was; as if his Meat had been dress'd at *Pye-Corner*, by greasy Scullions there. His boyl'd meat, a little Mutton with a sprig of Rosemary, and a vast deal of lean Oatmeal Pottage.

Wildm. And Mutton roasted as if it were prescrib'd for the Pox, and of huge *Leicestershire* pease-fed Sheep, as rank as old He-Goats, and the Poultry died all of Hectick Feavers.

Bell. And Sallets wither'd, the fruit Crab apples, Sweetings and Horse Plumbs; and for Confections, a few Carraways in a small Sawcer, as if his Worship's House had been a Lowsie Inn.

Sir Humph. Then three or four monstrous Olives, with a spoonful or two of damnable sharp Capers, and Suffolk Cheese.

Stew. These things my good old Master was pleas'd with, or he had not so increas'd his Wealth.

Sir Humph. He did well: and I will revel now with what he left. Choak not me with your Providence with a Pox to you——

Bell. Wou'd you feed my Lord like a Country Juſtice of 300 *l.* a year, that has no guſto?——

Wildm. Or like a Lawyer in *Ram-Alley*, or Attorneys joyning their 6*d.* a piece at a greaſy Cooks.

Bell. That for their Suppers ſcore their penyworth of Tallow-cheeſe at a Chandlers, with every one his Jug and Pipe of Mundungus.---

Stew. Be pleas'd to inſtruct me, and I ſhall obey.

Sir Humph. My chief Cook has a Book drawn up by theſe Gentlemen, and my ſelf: Read and be learned.---There you ſhall find what is in ſeaſon ſtill,--the youngeſt Meat always moſt nouriſhing.---The new faln Lamb. The tender Kid, and young fat Pigs. Veals fed with Milk, Whitebread, and new-laid Eggs, with young fat Beefs, and ſmalleſt Forreſt Mutton, fat Bucks for Summer, Barren Does for Winter.

Wildm. Fawns out of their Dams Bellies ript, Gelt Goats, Bruis'd Veniſon, Sucking Rabbits, Leverets, Douſets, White Haws, Velvet Head and Ears, Shoulders of Veniſon in the Kell with blood.

Bell. Turkeys, Pea-Hens, Pullets, Capons, Ducks, with Geeſe ſo cramb'd as to be drown'd in fat; ſquab Pidgeons, Chickens in the Greaſe, fat Swans, and Barn-dore Hens——with cluſter'd Eggs, that are provocative.——

Sir Humph. The young plump Partridge, with the tender Powt; The Pheaſant and the Quail, the Rail and Plover, roaſted with the blood in 'em.

Wildm. The mounting Lark, the Meſſenger of Day, the long bill'd Cock, that Winter brings in Miſts with Snipe, Duck, Teal, the Curlew and the Wild-gooſe, the Brant-gooſe, Solon-gooſe and Puffin.

Bell. Young Rooks, and new hatch't Martins, the Black-bird, Felfare, Thruſh and Wheat-Ear, which far excels the Roman *Becaſica*.

Sir Humph. *Lincolnſhire* Fowl that's fatted with ſweet Curds; as Pewits, Dottrils, Gulls, Knats, Ruffs and Reeves. All theſe I have had, and you muſt now provide.

Stew. All this ſhall be done, and your Worſhip undone.——

Sir Humph. And then for Fiſh what the vaſt Seas afford, Ponds, Immenſe Lakes and Rivers too! Brett, Mullet, Turbet, Smelt, Plaice, Scate, Cod-whiting, and the old Organ Ling with gold Flakes, with heightning Sturgeon to ſtir up my blood; provoking Oiſters, and the luſty Lobſter; Crabs, Shrimps, Craſiſh Pottage, Muſcles and Cockles, and diſſolved Pearl and Amber in my ſawce.

Wildm. The Luscio, Eel, the Trout, Char Tench, Perch, calverd Salmon: And from the Ponds, over-grown Pikes, Carps, Breams, Torecells. The *German* Fish as fat as Bucks in *August*.

Sir Humph. And when I would cocker up my self, Rams-Cods, Lambstones, Bucks, Dowsets, Sparrows, Brains, the spawn of Fish, flakes of piled butter'd Eggs with Ambergreece; and when my taste grows Wanton, I will feed on Mushroons, and on Frogs, and have a race of large Italian Snails, young Tortoises dreſt costly in their shells, and Squirrels flesh, which is dissolved Nuts, and the Indian Birds-Nest mollish'd in Broath.

Wildm. Then *Virmicelti*, *Potato* and *Tartonphily*, and flatulent Roots to stir up and to enable Appetite.

Stew. I should have taken these hard Words for conjuring, but why must your Worship have French Cooks. Methinks my Masters old English Cookmaid, with good store of Parsley and Butter, did very well.

Sir Humph. Away you Coxcomb: Let it be your care to keep my Cellar always full as it is now.

Stew. I am acquainted with my old Master's Merchant, he us'd to let him have very good *Langoon* and *Burdeaux*.

Sir Humph. Porters and Carriers shall drink that; I'll have *Vin d'aye*, high Country Wine, *Frontiniac*, all the delicious Wines of *Italy* and *Spain*; the richer Wines of *Greece* and *Sicily*.

Bell. And *Celery*, *Champaign* and *Burgundy*, with *Vin de Bon*, *Vin Celestine*, and *Hermitage*, and all the Wines upon the fruitful *Rhine*.

Sir Humph. When I debauch, the Yeoman of my Wine-cellar, dres't like God *Bacchus*, squeezes his twined Wreaths of Grapes upon us——And we have floods of this Poetick Juyce.: But do you hear, Steward, I must have Whores in abundance; see you provide a world of Strumpets.

Stew. Does not your Worship mistake me? I am your Steward.

Sir Humph. Yes, to provide me all things necessary; and are any things so necessary as Whores. I say, let me have Whores innumerable, and let it be your special care—— That every Gentleman that comes within these Walls may have his *Cher entiré*.

Stew. Your Worship has a Mistress, I dare not call her Whore——

Sir Humph. I keep one high, because it is the fashion; But for my use I'll have as many Whores as mortal man can turn himself to.

Wildm. Live, live! my Noble Knight, and be Immortal——

Bell. Push Nature on, my Friend, and live apace.

Stew.

Stew. Hee'l ſoon be at his Journeys end; But the chief Material is wanting ready Money, I underſtand the Caſh your Father left is flown, to pay in part your Debts.

Sir *Humph.* Go to *Gripe*, my fooliſh Kinſman the Uſurer. That is ſuch an Aſs to deny all his Sences, to live miſerably to dye rich: Take 10000 *l.* and let him have a Mortgage till I cut down Timber to redeem my dirt——begon——

Bell. This damn'd Uſurer has a pretty Wife, I have a devilliſh mind to her; but ſhe's kept ſo cloſe, though I have gone to borrow Money when I have had no need on't, I cannot get acceſs to her; the Rogue ſuſpects every Male, from a Prince to a Kitchin-Boy.

Sir Humph. She's ſo pretty on my Conſcience, none would refuſe her; I have ſet ſnares for her, ſhe can never be ſeen but out of a Window, which is no bigger than the hole of a Pillory.

Wildm. He locks her up, and always carries the Key about him.

Sir Humph. Nay, at Night he ſows his Shirt and her Smock together, that upon any violent motion the twitch may wake him: There's a Horn-preventing Deſign.

Bell. Faith, that ſhall not do, his jealouſie ſhall pimp for me. Let us but wait upon you in a viſit to him, and let us alone.

Enter a Footman.

Footm. An't pleaſe your Honour, yonder is a reverend fat old Gentlewoman deſires to be admitted.

Sir Humph. Bring her in: a Bawd I warrant you. [*Enter Bawd.* Oh honeſt Bawd! How doſt thou do?

Bawd. Do! why I am e'n worn out in your Worſhips Service; I have gotten a hoarſeneſs will never leave me, with riſing a Nights, to let in your Worſhip, and your unſeaſonable Company to ſave my Windows: Well, I cannot live long.

Sir Humph. Thou wilt dye nobly then, in the Service of thy Countrey.

Bawd. Nay, Heaven be prais'd, I have been diligent in my Calling, very diligent to ſupply the Neceſſities of young Gentlemen.

Stew. What a deſpicable thing a Bawd is! I hate 'em with my Heart, filthy Creatures.

Wildm. They are ſomething filthy;——But they are neceſſary, very neceſſary.

Bell. Poor Bawds are carted, while great Mens Pimps are Company for Lords!

Bawd.

Bawd. I have no leſs than three Maiden-heads upon my hands, I have agreed with their Mothers, who truly are careful honeſt Parents, and love to provide for their Children with a Motherly affection. I ſhall have 'em cheap, conſidering the rarity of Maiden-heads in this Town. I thought to give your Worſhip notice, if you have uſe for one of 'em.

Sir Humph. For one! Ownds! I'll have 'em all. I'll ſpare no Money. Let me have 'em to Morrow, or to Night; for fear they ſhould not keep.

Bawd. I cannot have 'em till to Morrow, I fear.

Bell. If ſo—then let us have a Bevy of Whores for a rank Ball, for we intend to be luxurious to Night.

Bawd. It ſhall be done: But I am almoſt faint with running up and down, and taking pains.——

Sir Humph. Let her be taken in and rub'd and cawdled, as the Good Wives uſe the Phanatick Labourers in the Goſpel; and let the Bawd have Sack enough.

Footm. It ſhall be done: yonder are Milleners, Periwigg-men and Perfumers, and Tradeſmen of all ſorts waiting without.

Sir Humph. Bid my Steward and *Valet de Chambre* diſpatch 'em; I hate Buſineſs: Now let us revel, this Day I dedicate to all my Senſes; I'll Feaſt 'em all after we have Din'd with all the Luxury Wit can invent, with choiceſt Muſick, and the beſt of Women——

Bell. Whores, you mean.

Wildm. Ay, ay! What uſe can we make of honeſt Women?

Bell. None: They are as bad as Drones in a Hive.

Sir Humph. Whores I do mean: With whom after we have Danc'd and Toy'd—I'll have my Baths prepared full of moſt fragrant Scents. Where we will play and wanton with our Concubines; there we'll lye ſoaking till we be refreſhed. Then we'll come out, be rub'd, and be anointed with precious Oyls and Eſſences; and then we'll roll our ſelves in Beds of Orange-Flowers.

Bell. How I diſſolve at the Deſcription.

Wild. I am all Extaſie already.

Enter Celia, Phillis, *and* Cloris.

Sir Humph. Oh, here's my Miſtreſs.

Omn. We come to wiſh you Joy, my dear Lord, of this happy Day.

Sir Humph. Ye bring it with you! Gentlemen, ſalute theſe fair Ladies. [*They ſalute.*

Bell.

Bell. Are these Friends of your Mistress, Whores?

Wild. If they be, as a hundred to one they are, They are glorious ones!

Sir Humph. Fy, fy, Whores! That's a naughty word. They are Ladies; there are no Whores but such as are poor and beat Hemp, and Whipt by Rogues in Blew Coats.

Bell. They are brave Magistrates to commit Adultery themselves, and whip poor Wenches for simple Fornication.

Wild. There's no Law to whip but that of Vagrants, and when a poor Wench has laboured in her Calling seven years in the same Parish; These Fellows will whip her for a Vagrant.

Bell. These old Fellows, that love it themselves, think the Wenches do so too, perhaps.

Chlo. You are the pattern of all Knights; you keep your Mistress so fine; I'll swear 'tis very commendable——

Celia. Oh 'tis admirable! all the Town admires you: You win the Hearts of all the Ladies with it, I vow.

Sir Humph. No! we must all yield to your Friend Sir *Nicholas Peakgoose*: He is the most liberal and most obsequious Keeper, and starves his Wife and Children for you.

Celia. I must confess he does pretty well. ——

Sir Humph. Why did you not bring him hither?

Celia. I should be willing enough; but if I use him to't, he'll be always going abroad in my Coach with me: No! that must not be.

Chlo. She has a rare hand over him; if I could govern my Gallant so, I were a Princess.

Phill. I desire not to govern, my Dear; if I have but thy Love, Child, I wish for nothing else——But thy Money. [*Aside.*

Sir Humph. No more! No more! Call in my Musick, and let 'em Sing and Play—Come in.

SONG.

LOve thee till there shall be an end of matter,
So long, till Courtiers leave in Courts to flatter;
While empty Courtlings shall laugh, jeer, and jibe,
Or till an old lean Judge refuse a Bribe.

Till

Till Young men Women hate, I will love thee;
Till greedy Lawyers ſhall renounce a Fee,
And till Decrepit Miſers Money hate,
Or Stateſmen leave to juggle in a State.

While Prieſts Ambition troubles Common-wealths,
Till Whores grow chaſte and Thieves forſake their Stealths;
Till Tradeſmen leave to Cozen and to Lye,
Till there's a Worthy Flatt'rer, or Brave Spie.

Till Honeſt Valiant Men can be afraid,
Till Kings by Favourites are not betray'd;
Till all Impoſſibles do meet in one,
I'll love thee Phillis, *and love thee alone.*

Sir Humph. Now let us retire and take the Pleaſure of our Gardens: Muſick follow us——— [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Gripe *and* Richard.

Gripe. Come *Richard*, becauſe thou art but new come, I muſt inſtruct thee——Thou ſee'ſt my whole Deſign is to be Rich.

Rich. Yes, and to keep your Servants Poor.

Gripe. And to that end, I deny and keep my baſe unru'y Senſes under: for if any one ſenſe get the better of a man; he'll ne'r be rich.

Rich. I am ſure I han't pleas'd one ſince I came.

Gripe. That's well: Let me have three Ribs of Mutton boil'd in a Pipkin for our Dinners; go, buy me a lean Breaſt---lean meat is wholſomeſt.

Rich. If I could light of a Sheep that dy'd in a Ditch.

Gripe. Ay, that ſhould be cheap—beſides, I like a Natural Death better than Murder. To Morrow is Holy-day—I will have four Ribs, and ſome Cabbage.

Rich. This is feaſting, but our ordinary Diet of Oatmeal and Water——

Gripe. 'Tis very wholſom and cleanſing——

Rich. 'Tis the Scotch-Diet, very good for Mangy Hounds; What Sawce will you have for your Mutton?

Gripe. A Pox on Sawce! it ſpoils the Natural appetite; yet ſome Onion or Garlick you may get: I have ſome Ferkin Butter and Suffolk Cheeſe, fine lean Cheeſe, 'twill go ſo far——

Rich. Sir, I have a great Inclination to a Sheeps-head: May I not get one? 'tis cheap——

Gripe. Not so cheap, yet next Holy-day I will buy one for my Family: But Ox Livers and the Entrails of Beasts, are very nourishing.

Rich. He cannot be content to rob and oppress men with his Extortion, but he must rob the Dogs of their diet; you have Kids and Lambs of your own, if it please your Worship.

Gripe. It does not please my Worship, sure you have liv'd with some Epicure: No, sell 'em to Luxurious fools, that will die Beggars.

Rich. I hear Sir *Humphrey Scattergood* intends to send a Buck.

Gripe. I'll sell it then; 'twill cost more the Baking than 'tis worth—we kill our selves in *England* with filthy pampering.

Rich. I can go a Fowling with my Peice, and catch Wild-fowl for your Worship.

Gripe. By my troth but your Worship shall not; you will spend more in Powder and Shot than your Bodie's worth; Besides, a water-Spaniel with his ravenous gut will eat me out of house and home: Wild-fowl! They are fit for *Lucullus* or *Apicius*.

Rich. Sir, we can steal Coneys, if it please you——

Gripe. No Sir! I must find you Butter. What damn'd Luxurious Fellow hast thou lived with?

Rich. Sir, I beseech you be pleas'd to let us have some Wheat Bread, for I have gotten the Griping, and the *Iliaca Passio*, with Rye and Barley Bread.

Gripe. Peace Fool! I am not so Prodigal, thank Heav'n.

Rich. Must we never have any Wine or Strong—Beer——

Gripe. Why! you Impudent fellow, would you have us dye of Feavers? To drink Wine shall be Treason, and strong Beer Felony without Clergy: I have wholsom very, very small Beer, so clear, so fine, the Mault not to be tasted in't—The Patriarchs drank nothing but Water.

Rich. That I deny, ask *Lot* else.

Gripe. Go--Unlock my Wife's Chamber, and bid her come to me: This damn'd pampering Rogue would ruin me with his Gut.

Enter Mrs. Gripe.

Mrs. Gripe. Will this Tyrannie never be at an end? must I be always thus abridg'd of Liberty? a cram'd Fowl has a better time on't, for that's fed well; but I am coop'd up and starved: nay have no Necessary of life, that's fit for a young Woman—— *Gripe.*

Gripe. Come Love, you have very good wholsom food, 'tis fit a young Woman should mortifie and keep down her Lusts.

Rich. Especially when she marries an old Man, hee'l fast her down to his own appetite——

Mrs. Gripe. Nay, in the Winter I am kept without Fire or Candle. I have neither Natural or Artificial heat from—

Gripe. 'Tis to preserve thy life, my Love. Didst thou ever see Cooks or Glasmen long liv'd? Fire destroys the Natural heat, they live longest in cold Countreys.

Rich. Yet Meat is always raw for want of fire.

Gripe. I will save fire, and have it roasted by Burning Glasses; and instead of Candles (and by the way the Grand Signior, suffers none of his Wives to have any,) I will have Glow-worms, rotten Wood and fish Bones---Fire suffocates Natural heat.

Mrs. Gripe. I have heard your Servants in Winter wish for the Plague or any hot Disease; and I for my part could be contented with a Feaver.

Gripe. Can you not use Exercise to stir up your Natural heat.

Mrs. Gripe. You let me have Exercise little enough! Heav'n knows.

Gripe. Can you not play at Shuttlecock, or carry a Handful upon occasion?

Rich. I will play at Stool-ball with the Maids, and that will stir up Natural heat.

Mrs. Gripe. No—I have endured your cruel Tyranny too long; but above all, your Jealousie is most provoking.

Gripe. 'Tis nothing but my love, my great love. Dost thou think I do not love my Money—why I am Jealous of that, and lock it up as I do thee—I know what a Treasure thou art.

Mrs. Gripe. Give me leave to know my own value too: And that I deserve not to be used so, I will have the liberty of a She-Subject of *England.*

Gripe. What a Pox! The liberty of Cuckolding your Husband, for that it comes to, to receive Visits, and sculk about in Chairs in Vizors, to meet damn'd Roguy Whoremasters, which they call Admirers with a Pox to 'em.

Mrs. Gripe. Thou deserv'st to be used so. When you are at home I am never out of my Prison, but in your presence, my cruel Jailor; and when you are abroad, I am fed at a Grate like the Lyons in the *Tower* (if I may call it feeding.) If there be any means under the Sun to get my liberty, I will attempt it. [*Enter* Rich.

Gripe. Nay then I will use my Conjugal authority.

Rich. Sir *Humphrey Scattergood's* Steward is come to ſpeak with you.

Gripe. Go into your Chamber! go, I ſay.

Mrs. Gripe. Well Tyrant, I ſhall be quit with you.

Gripe. No, you ſhall not; I'll take care not to be a Cuckold.

[*She goes, he follows her, locks her in, and returns.*

Enter Steward.

Rich. Your humble Servant.

Stew. Sir, I am your Friend and Servant to command. Mr. *Gripe*, Good Morrow to your Worſhip.

Gripe. Mr. Steward, What brings you hither.

Stew. My Maſter's Command.

Gripe. What can his Worſhip honour me withal?

Stew. It is to borrow Money on a Mortgage.

Gripe. Looke you *Richard*, this is an Aſs that will pleaſe all his Senſes, and he muſt borrow! Oh damn'd Senſes! Well, the Money's ready, 10000 *l.* we treated for.

Stew. E're long we ſhall have occaſion to trouble you for more, as Sir *Humphrey* goes on.

Gripe. See what becomes of fooliſh Senſe-pleaſers! Poor Puppies! Miſerable Fools! I pity 'em: I'll not pleaſe one, not I *Richard:* Come, let's about this Buſineſs, and get my Lord to Seal.

Rich. Well ſaid, old *Chaucer*, ſay I.——

'Twould make one ſcratch where it does not itch,
To ſee Fools live poor to dye rich. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT.

ACT. II.

Enter Sir Humphry, Bellamy, Wildman, Phillis, Celia, Chloris. *Servants waiting at Dinner.*

Sir Humph. CAll in my Musick! I'll consecrate my Birth-Day to all my Senses: He is a narrow-hearted Ass that pleases one at once; I'll please as many as I can together.

Bell. It is Ingenious Luxury!

Sir Humph. I hate a mere Glutton, a mere Drunkard, or a meer Wencher; They are as bad as meer Scholars or meer Lawyers, good for nothing else: That man is happiest that takes delight in most things: There's not a Virtue or a Vice I'll leave untry'd for Pleasure or for Curiosity.

Wildm. There spoke a Cherub; Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high; fill all the Glasses up; for why, here's our noble Friend's, Sir *Humphrey*'s Health.

Bell. Give me a Brimmer to celebrate his Birth-day. Ladies, There's no scaping this Health. Men of Rosin and Cats-guts, strike up.

Sir Humph. Strike up! D' hear Rascals! Let me have costlier Scents, and fume the Room; my Nostrils are not pleas'd enough.

Bell. Are all ready? a Thousand years to you.

Wildm. And all the while the joy of Wine, Youth, and Beauty with you.

Phill. Thy everlasting Health, my Dear! [*Sound an Alarm all together. They flourish.*

Enter Gripe, *Steward, and* Richard.

Stew. My Lord, Mr. *Gripe* has drawn Bills; they are accepted, and he is come to have you Sign and Seal——

Sir Humph. Kick that old Fool out, is he come to interupt my pleasure with damn'd confounded Business? which always must with me give way to my delight.

Stew. How this must rejoyce my old Master's Ghost, cou'd he but see it!

Gripe. Good! How fast his Worships Land will malt into my Coffers; these are foolish Sense-pleasers, *Richard.*

Sir Humph. Sit down and eat with us, Mr. *Gripe.*

Gripe. I will not eat luxurious Meats: I love no Surfeits.

Bell. Give him a Beer Glass to Sir *Humphrey*'s Health.

Gripe. I have renounced Wine, I do not care for Feavers, nor will I please one Sense I have.

Cel. Out on him! Filthy fellow! will he not please his Senses?

Bell. Methinks a Feaver should be a very pleasant Disease for an old Man.

Rich. Are you mad Sir! why 'twill cost you nothing; at least give me leave to snip at a little Meat and Wine.

Gripe. You Rascal! will you Disgrace my House-keeping. They'l think y'are Hungerstarv'd———

Rich. They'l not think much amiss.

Gripe. Peace you damn'd Epigram! contein your self, or I will mawl your Pate for you: Laugh at these Sense-pleasers; They will dye in Ditches, fool.

Richard. Better dye than live in Ditches, and we live worse---for Frogs have a better life than we.

Phill. Let us not mind this Brute. But let your Servants Dance their Entry you promis'd——

Sir Humph. Let 'em begin!

Dance.

Does not this please you?

Gripe. What is the worth of any thing, but so much Money as 'twill bring: He was a brave Poet that wrote that.

Sir Humph. But here are fine Ladies! here's a sight for you, and to enjoy 'em in Dalliance, were pleasure infinite——

Gripe. A huge Trunk-full of Bonds and Mortgages, and another great Coffer-full of Money to rowl and wanton in; There's a sight! there's rapture for you——

Sir Humph. Yes, for Fools that make Money the end of their wishes, and not the means to other things. Come on! Sing the Song I love so well——

Gripe. Pox on Songs! give me the Jingling of Money-bags.

SONG.

LEt some great joys pretend to find
In empty Whimsies of the mind;
And nothing to the Soul can come,
Till th' ushering Senses make it room.
Nor can the Mind be e'r at ease,
Unless you first the Body please.

Life

Life is, what e're vain Man may doubt,
But taking in and putting out.
Since Life's but a Span
Live as much as you can:
Let none of it pass without Pleasure;
But push on your Strength
Of what Life wants in length:
In the Breadth you must make up the Measure.

2.

All solid Pleasures, Fops lay by;
And seek they know not what, nor why:
Imperfect Images th' enjoy,
Which Fancy makes, and can destroy.
Wh' in immaterial things delight,
Dream in the Day as well as Night:
In that how can they Pleasure take,
Of which no Image Thought can make.
Since Life's, &c.

3.

In vain no moment then be spent,
Fill up the little Life that's lent;
Feasts, Musick, Wine the Day possess;
The Night, Love, Youth and Beauty bless.
The Senses now in parcels treat,
Then all together by the great;
No empty space in Life be found,
But one continued Joy go round.
Since Life's, &c.

Phill. Very fine, I vow—
Celia. Upon my word 'tis delicate!
Chl. Well, Sir *Humphrey*'s a sweet man.
Sir Humph. How do you like this, Mr. *Gripe?*
Gripe. 'Tis abominable, profane, scandalous, and scurvy.
Sir Humph. I'll try to please you; you shall hear an Italian Eunuch.
Gripe. I had as lieve hear a Grey-hound with Trillo's and long Graces, sing a Love Song to the Moon; But much rather hear my Mastiff teaching my Neighbour's Hog his Gamut, when he comes into my Ground.
Sir Humph. What think you of a broken Consort of Violins and

and Theorbo's joyn'd with Italian Voices. I'll have that for you.——

Gripe. I had rather hear a Broken Consort in my Hogyard: My Bores and Sows grunt out Harmonious Bases, my Hogs sing out their Brisker Countenours, my sweet voic'd Pigs squeak out Melodious Trebles.——

Bell. What think you of a Consort of Cathedral Voices.

Gripe. I had rather hear sweet Frogs chant out their Anthems against Rain, joyn'd with the passionate voices of old Toads. And for my more sprightly Musick——Schreech Owls, and a Consort of Cats run mad for Love, with the Harmonious braying of some Asses; joyn'd to these a Paper-Mill for an Organ, a Pewterer, Silver-Smith, Trunk-Maker, with Tinkers playing thorough Bases upon Kettles. Tell not me of Musick; dispatch my Business.

Sir Humph. Come I will withdraw with you, and Sign and Seal.

Phill. Ladies, I will wait on you again instantly.

[*Exit all but* Bell. Wild. Celia, Chloris.

Bell. Survey my youth, and reflect upon your own Beauty, and immagin whether it be possible to forbear thinking or talking of Love when we meet——

Celia. Neither thinking nor talking of Love will do the business, I am engaged to Sir *Nicholas Peakegoose*, and would not be false for the whole world, I swear——

Bell. True to him, 'tis impossible; you cannot love him, he's ugly and foolish——

Celia. Oh, but he's very good natur'd, and admires me extreamly——you that call your selves witty men, have some Love indeed; but 'tis like French Courage, hot in the Onset, and as swift in the retreat——

Wildm. True to a keeper, sure you will not be a thing so out of fashion——

Chlo. Oh Lord, I would not be false to Sir *Christopher Swash* for all this earthly good: 'Tis a shame Women should be so false to their Intrigues, as some are; I wonder at their Consciences. What do they think will become of their Souls another day?

Wildm. Love heartily, as I do, and 'twill take away that scruple; let me tell you, 'tis a great Sin, and I wonder you can have the Conscience not to pity me: For you have struck me to the heart——

Chlo. You are pleas'd to say so.

Wildm. Will you hear me swear bloodily? by——

Chlo.

Chlo. Hold! hold! have you no Religion in you? Lord, how I tremble for fear of an Oath!

Bell. 'Tis true, he pays for your Body; but 'tis not fit he ſhould have your mind: let me but have that——

Celia. That will not ſerve your turn.

Bell. No,---But if I have the Mind once, I am ſure the Body is not far off, which would be ne'r the worſe for Sir *Nicholas* ſhould I leave it, which I never would——

Celia. Shall it ever be ſaid that I am falſe to my Keeper? ——

Bell. No, it ſhall never be told; and if it were, hee'd ne'r believe it, who is ſo conceited of himſelf, that he thinks you love him.

Celia. We of our Profeſſion muſt be as careful of our Credit as Merchants and Bankers ſhould be; if we break with one, we ſhall ne'r be truſted by another.

Bell. Care to conceal is good; but barren Truth is good for nothing: The falſeſt Women like the greateſt Knaves, thrive moſt.

Wild. I ſhould love at another rate than your Friend *Swaſh.*; I ſhould not leave you for the love of Bottles and the Company of Bullies, to roar, and ſcowr, and break Windows.

Chlo. Indeed he is a little too wild, but he has the prettieſt merry humours with him——

Wild. I deſire but to viſit you, while Drink makes him unfit for you; I am ſure you do not love him.

Chlo. No, why he's the prettieſt wittieſt wild Gentleman about the Town: He ſays the Wits love him dearly.

Bell. All Love is in equality. I am ſure you cannot love him whom you keep under like a Spaniel.

Celia. Indeed I keep him in Diſcipline; do not Fathers love their Children, yet keep 'em at a diſtance.

Enter Sir Chriſtopher Swaſh, Blunderbus, *and* Heildebrand.

LEt's Drink, let's Drink all Day and Night } *Sir* Chriſt. *and Bullies Sing.*
Give each a luſty Bowl:
This is the raviſhing Delight
Of ev'ry Thirſty Soul;
Let others ſoak all Night in Beds
And live but half their time,
The Wine that's always in our Heads
Shall ſtill preſerve us in our prime,
Shall ſtill, &c.

Sir Chriſt. The Devil take me *Blunderbus* and *Heildebrand*, if we be nt very mad Fellows.

Celia. This is Sir *Chriſtopher Swaſh*, and his two Bullies.

Blund. Ounds! what Prigg is yon talking with your Natural---

Heild. Shall I pluck out Porker, and lay him on thick?

Sir Chr. No, he's my friend, an honeſt fellow, and as mad a fellow as the beſt of us. Honeſt *Wildman* Oylie, how doſt thou do? How doſt *Prigg Bellamy?* Gad we have had a rare Night on't, we have roar'd, and ſung and ranted; kick't all Males, kiſs'd all Females, ſwing'd Conſtables and Watches, trounced Bailiffs, broke Windows and ſtormed Bawdy-houſes, and committed other outrages to the confuſion of much people———

Celia. Oh, fie my Dear; why wouldſt thou venture thy Perſon, when thou know'ſt how I love thee? get thee gon, Thou art ſuch a wild thing.

Sir Chr. Peace, my Buttock, no harm done; we have not been in Bed theſe four and twenty hours.

Let others ſoak all Night in Beds, &c. [*Sings.*
And live but half their time, &c.

On my Conſcience and Soul we broke Fourſcore pounds worth of Windows.

Bell. Is not this a pretty Gentleman to be in Love with?

Sir Chr. Pray, know my Friends, *Blunderbus* and *Heildebrand:* They are as honeſt fellows as e'r drank Beer-glaſs, and as brave as ever ſtood Cannon-bullet---But where's Sir *Humphrey*? hey---hey----

The Wine that's always in our Heads
Shall ſtill preſerve us in our prime.

Am not I a very mad fellow, Ha, Sir *Humphrey*---Hey boys! let me kiſs thee, Oylie---

Enter Sir Humphrey, Phillis, *and Steward.*

Sir Humph. Sir *Chriſtopher Swaſh*, your Servant.

Sir Chr. Let me preſent theſe Gentlemen to you they are of good Families; Their Name *Blunderbus* and *Heildebrand.*

Sir Humph. They are great Names indeed; but they are ſomething negligently dreſs'd—

Sir Chr. That's all one, they are as brave as Lightning; and will kick Bailiffs like Thunder, and faith they'l ſcowr and roar like Cannon. They are the beſt Company in the world, and are my Life-guard againſt Bailiffs.

Sir

Sir Humph. They look dreadfully——

Sir Chr. Dreadfully! ſo they do; why each of 'em has kill'd his man. But as they are very brave, ſo they are very ingenious, and rare Company---Here's *Heildebrand* has a number of the pureſt Bawdy Songs, and will Sing and Play a thorow-baſe with his fingers rubbing too and fro upon a Table thus, moſt incomparably; and then *Blunderbus* will hoop, hollow, and hunt over a Bottle with any man in *Europe*, and they are the braveſt Catch-ſingers both of 'em——

Blund. Nay, gad Sir *Nicholas*, you make me bluſh.

Heild. Upon my honour, you Compliment!

Sir Chr. Becauſe they ſay ſo now, you ſhall hear 'em ſing-- a Boat, a Boat.

Blund. Come on.

Heild. To pleaſe you---

A Boat, a Boat, haſte to the Ferry, &c. [*They Sing.*

Sir Chr. Are not we mad Fellows? Faith we can be merry and we ſet on't; we have roar'd and ſcowr'd, and kept *Covent-garden* waking all laſt Night.

Blund. On my Conſcience we beat Threeſcore people.

Sir Chr. Ay, Fourſcore, Men, Women, and Children---ha, was not that well?

Sir Humph. Oh very well! Hark you Gentlemen, a Deſign comes into my Head of carrying this roaring Company, the Women and the Fiddles to that wretch *Gripe*'s Houſe——

Bell. That will be very well---'Twill fright him out of his Wits, and perhaps free his Wife into the Bargain——

Blund. Whoſe Caravan is that other which yon ſpruce *Prigg* talks with----

Sir Chr. A Coxcomb's, one Sir *Nicholas Peak-gooſe*——

Heild. Does yon fellow manage her?

Sir Chr. No, ſhe's kept I tell you: Do you think a Woman that's kept would lye with another?

Phill. We ſhall certainly have very good ſport.

Sir Humph. 'Tis reſolv'd, Sir *Chriſtopher*---we have reſolv'd that all this Company, and my Fiddles, ſhall forthwith go to the wretch *Gripe*'s Houſe, and Rant and Sing, Dance and Roar, and play pranks there——

Sir Chr. Hey Boys! Hey! a moſt admirable Deſign---Wee'l tear the ground, and roar, and make more noiſe than a Sea-Fight.

Good ſtore of Iriſh Claret ſupplies, &c.

And the Man that is Drunk is as great as a King.

Sir Humph. Well ſaid, Sir *Chriſtopher*, d'ye hear Steward, bid all my Coaches be brought to the Gate; and provide a Collation fit for us, as you tender your Ears; and ſend all my Fiddles and Voices to *Gripe*'s with the Collation---

Sir Chr. Come! let's march on, *Blunderbus* and *Heildebrand*; we will break Windows all the way we go, Kick every Male from a Link-boy to a Lord upwards; Kiſs every Female, from the Simpering Lady to the Widemouth Jade that crys Sprats; Swinge Bum-bailiffs exceſſively, and commit filthy outrage, to the aſtoniſhment of the *Mobile*: Come along.

Good ſtore of good Claret ſupplies, &c.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE *Gripe*'s Houſe.

Gripe *and* Richard.

Gripe. Where have you been roguing Sirrah, that you did not wait on me home?

Rich. I ſtay'd to do a thing I am not us'd to, fill my Belly, enjoy my Friends, and be Merry.

Gripe. Oh Devil——I think the Rogue ſtinks of Strong-Beer, foh——

Rich. That's a lye. 'Tis Wine! Cry you mercy Sir, is that a ſtink? here's Sir *Humphrey*'s good Health---He's a Noble perſon, will you pledge me, Sir——

Gripe. Heav'n and Earth! the Impudent Rogue's Drunk——

Rich. I have Drank and Victual'd at Sir *Humphrey*'s for a Months Famine I am to endure here---I am hung round with Bottles and ſtuft full of Proviſion; will you eat a Pullet?

Gripe. Oh impudent Villain! bring Drunkenneſs into my Houſe---

Rich. Ay, or elſe I ne'r ſhould have found it here——

Gripe. Audacious Villain! Thou ſtay'ſt not in my Houſe——I will turn thee away preſently——

Rich. The beſt News I have heard theſe ten days——

Gripe. Say'ſt thou ſo Rogue, no, I will have thee whipt ſoundly: And in the mean time I will beat thee dammably, to tame thy damn'd unruly Senſes. Thou baſe, filthy Swine——

Rich. Here's Twelve Go-downs more upon Reputation, to Sir *Humphrey*'s Health——

Gripe. I'll health you Rogue! take that,---I'll mawl your Rogueſhip——

Rich.

Rich. 'Twas base to take advantage of my Drinking. Stand off, I say; for if you strike once more, take notice good Claret has taken away the relation betwixt us, and I shall grow damnably passionate ——

Gripe. Ha! the Rogue may kill me in his Drink, and for ought I know rob me, which is worse. Go, and bid the Maid set on the Pipkin with the black Pudding for your Mistresse's Supper and mine.

Rich. A Pox on Pipkins--I have brought my Mistress some cram'd Chickens, *Westphalia* Bacon, Neats Tongues, and something else in my Breeches—I have an honour for my Mistress, and should be loath to see her want.

Gripe. Thy Back shall be mawl'd for this at *Bridewell* to Morrow; Rogue, Dog, Son of a Whore: *Richard*, sell that Wine and Provision, and I will put the Money out for thee. 'Twill come to a pretty Sum in a year ——

Rich. I scorn Usury: Do you think I'll be curst as you are?

Gripe. As I am! Rogue ——

Rich. Good words, I say,---for I am in an ill humour, and shall be suddenly provoked; but to shew I am in perfect Charity with you, here's to my Mistresse's health, I honour her most immaculately----

Gripe. Go, go---out, and sleep and be sober ——

Rich. Well, farewel; I'll not keep such base sober Company—

Gripe. To morrow shall thy Carcass suffer, and thy Senses be tamed. Here *Mally*! where art thou? Come we will walk and take the Air, that thou may'st get a Stomach to thy Supper.

Enter Mrs. Gripe.

Mrs. Gripe. 'Twere well if I could get a good Supper to my Stomach.

Gripe. I keep a temperate Diet to preserve us. Do not they that fare hardest live longest?

Mrs. Gripe. I can endure your dissembling no longer. 'Tis for the love of vile Money, and not care of my Health. I have born thy Tyranny too long.

Gripe. I Save to make thee a rich Widow——I think the Woman begins to be peevish. Come, I will kiss thee, and put thee in good humour, feth I will.

Mrs. Gripe. Kiss a Death's head! a Coffin! my Mother betray'd me in my Youth to the slavery of thy Age. Thou didst promise to be a Father to me; thou canst not be a Husband, and wilt not be a Father—but a cruel Tyrant.

Gripe.

Gripe. Be not perverſe; for by Cock and Bottle, Heav'n forgive me for Swearing---I will give thee Conjugal Chaſtiſement---

Mrs. Gripe. 'Sheart! talk no more to me of that, you have worn out all my patience; and I henceforward will be a Tigreſs to thee,

Gripe. Audacious!

Mrs. Gripe. I have a Brother, who comes this Night to Town, he loves me, we were Twins, he'll right me; Thou never ſaw'ſt him, but ſhortly to thy coſt thou ſhalt---His Serjeant ſpoke to me out at my Priſon Window, he is beating up Drums for a ſupply for *Flanders.* There is not a fiercer young Officer in the Army: He'll cut thy Throat if thou abuſeſt me ſo.

Gripe. Death, is that Hectorly Fellow come, you uſe to threaten me with? Oh Impudence! my Family is turn'd Topſy-turvy——

Mrs. Gripe. I will have the ſame Chriſtian Liberty that others of my quality have, I will viſit and be viſited——

Gripe. Viſits with a Pox; ay, that way come Meſſages, Tokens, Letters and Bawding for one another, and the Frolick goes round.

Mrs. Gripe. I will have Money enough to venture 50 *l.* in a Night at *Ombre.*

Gripe. Ounds 50 *l.* ſhe makes me tremble!

Mrs. Gripe. I'll make you know the right of an Engliſh Woman before I have done.

Gripe. Prodigious and amazing! the right of an Engliſh Woman to cheat and cuckold her Husband! in into your Chamber! go in, I ſay!

Mrs. Gripe. Peace, old Fool. I ſay not in.

Gripe. Nay then Correction will enſue } *He lifts up his Cane,*

Mrs. Gripe. Yes! that it ſhall old Tyrant-- } *ſhe wreſts it out of his hand.*

Gripe. What noiſe is that?

Enter a Servant of Sir Humphrey Scattergood.

Serv. Sir, My Maſter is juſt entring with a great Train of Gentlemen and Ladies, and has ſent a Collation and Bottles of Wine, that you may not be at Charges.

Gripe. Confound him and his Train. D'e hear Mrs. go into your Chamber.

Mrs. Gripe. I will ſtay to entertain the Ladies.

Gripe. Ladies! Whores! a Plague on 'em all! in, in, or this knife ſhall be embrued in thy Blood.

Mrs. Gripe. Help! help! I will not go in. *Enter*

Enter Sir Humphrey, *Sir* Chriſtopher, Bellamy, Wildman, Heildebrand *and* Blunderbus, *with* Phillis, Celia, Chloris. *Servants, Fiddles,* &c.

Sir Humph. What's the matter! at wars with your Wife?

Gripe. My dear Wife! No---She is not well, ſhe will endanger her health; which is very dear to me.

Mrs. Gripe. I am well---I ſhall not endanger my health, nor is it dear to him. Ladies, your humble Servant, I am proud of the honour of this viſit. [*Men and Women ſalute Mrs.* Gripe.

Gripe. Ounds! ſhe can Compliment. Death they kiſs too moſt Laſciviouſly——

Sir Chr. How doſt thou do, old Boy! we are come to Drink, Sing, Roar, and be merry with thee,

The Kings moſt faithful Subjects we
In's Service are not Dull,
We drink to ſhow our Loyalty
And make his Coffers full.
Would all his Subjects drink like us,
We'd make him richer far;
More Powerful and more Proſp'rous
Then all the Eaſtern Monarchs are,
Then all, &c.

Sir Humph. Madam! I come to endeavour your releaſe, and therefore be ready at the firſt opportunity.

Mrs. Gripe. You oblige me.

Gripe. Have you any private buſineſs with my Wife? [*Comes betwixt 'em.*

Sir Chr. What a Pox, do you interrupt a Gentleman, that's talking to your Wife---hah!

Heild. He deſerves Chaſtiſement, you uncivil old Prigg.

Blund. If he had offer'd that to me, I would have blown him into Atoms.

Sir Chr. Shall I beat him, and kick him damnably, and break his Windows, Sir *Humphrey*, ha!

Sir Humph. Not yet! Come Ladies, I have brought my Fiddles. Let's have a Dance in the firſt place.

Mrs. Gripe. With all my heart.

Gripe.

Gripe. What will become of me! Hell is broke looſe. Huſwife, remember this.

Sir Humph. Come Mr. *Gripe*, will you joyn with us?

Gripe. No Sir, I thank you *Richard*; raiſe the Conſtable and a ſtrong Watch againſt theſe outragious Raſcals.

Rich. Sir, I will not for the world; Sir *Humphrey* is my Friend, and I love and honour him; and here's another Rous to his health.

Gripe. Hell and Confuſion! Damn'd Rogue! I'll murder thee.

Rich. You ſhall not ſtarve me as long as Sir *Humphrey* lives, i'gad.

Gripe. Ounds! She dances, a very damn'd confounded Town-Jade.

They dance a Country Dance, at the end of which Sir Humphrey *leads her out Dancing.*

Hell and Devils! what trick's this---oh my Wife, my Wife, come in you Baggage. [*He runs out and pulls her in.*

Sir Humph. Are you mad? 'Tis part of the Dance.

Gripe. You ſhall lead her no ſuch Dance. Here Huſwife, get you into your Chamber.——

Sir Chr. What do you interrupt the Dance? Earthquakes, Inundations, roaring Seas and Thunder, I'll maul ye. [*Kicks him.*

Rich. There's rare taming of your Senſes for you.

Mrs. Gripe. Excellent—I'll not take 200 *l.* for this beating.

Sir Chr. Break all the Windows—*Heildebrand* and *Blunderbus*——

Mrs. Gripe. Hold, hold! what do you mean?

Gripe. Good again, very good.

Sir Chr. At your Command much may be done, Madam.

Sir Humph. Sirrah! Fill every one a Brimmer to Mrs. *Gripe*'s health. Give *Gripe* one.

Sir Chr. Take it, and drink it to your Ladie's health; or by the Soul of *Scanderbeg* I will carbonado thy old muſty Body.

Gripe. Plagues! and Curſes! well, there's no remedy.

Sir Chr. Down on your Knees all. Strike up Fiddles, an Alarm; Fire all—Hey Boys—

Good ſtore of briſk Claret ſupplies ev'ry thing,
And the Man, &c.

Am not I a very mad fellow, Sir *Humphrey?*

Celia. Did you ever ſee ſuch an odious old fellow?

Bell. Women, I ſee can lye by any naſeous Raſcals, if they'l marry them or keep 'em—I am ſure you cannot nor ſhall not love Sir *Nicholas*

Wildm. Prithee! think no more of that Roiſter.

Chlo.

Chlo. Really he's a pretty witty wild Creature.

Gripe. Gentlemen, what have I done to deserve these Outrages?

Sir Chr. Done! Damm'e you are a Rogue, and an Usurer, Sirrah!

Phill. Done! filthy fellow to shut up your Wife against the Law of Nature.

Sir Humph. We come to oblige you, to visit and be merry with you and your Lady——

Sir Chr. Hands all around! We'll Dance about him, till you run away with his Wife. Play Fiddles—fa, la, la, la, la.

Sir Hum. Come Madam,--break off-- } *He breaks off with Mrs.* Gripe. *--As he's going off*, Gripe *creeps under their Legs.*

Gripe. Come back Whoremaster! have I caught you, Strumpet? remember there is Law Sir. Remember that——

Blund. What does the Scoundrel talk of Law?

Heild. Beat his Brains out. [*Boy with a Flambeux ready.*

Mrs. Gripe. Now Gentlemen, you must give me leave to say you do not well to triumph o're an old Man. He is my Husband, and I must love him; though he uses me tyrannically, and shuts me up in Prison——

Celia. }
Chlo. } How, shut up your Wife!
Phill. }

Celia. Oh thou old Dotard. Thou shame of Mankind!

Chlo. Woman was meant to go at large: Thou filthy Creature.

Phill. Shall Woman, that's wild by Nature, be tam'd by thee base Fellow?

Sir Humph. He invades the right of Whoremasters, and 'tis not to be born; we have the right of Commonage, and he impales.

Gripe. Heav'n protect me but this once, I seldom trouble it.

Mrs. Gripe. I am resolv'd to escape, but not in such lewd Company. *Richard*, Do you stand here whatever happens till I come to you, and do as I direct you, and I'll reward you——

Rich. Any thing; for I love and honour you, and scorn and hate my Master.

Gripe. Yet I say, *Mally*, good *Mally* go into my Chamber.

Mrs. Gripe. I perceive their intentions are base---I will my dear, instantly. Sir, put out all the Candles, and I'll secure my Escape.

Sir Humph. With all my heart, Gentlemen, assist me in this Design.

Gripe. The Candles are out---murder, murder, help, help. I am cuckolded, rob'd, undone. Murder! Villains, Thieves, Murderers,

Whoremasters, Sons o' Whores, Rascals, Strumpets——

[*Mrs.* Gripe *puts a loose Gown on* Richard.

Mrs. Gripe. Where art thou, my Dear? I will go in with thee, I am convinc'd I was in the wrong. [*She puts* Rich. *hand in* Gripe's.

Gripe. Come my Dear, give me thy hand, my good Dear; I'll mawl thee with a Plague to thee for this--anon--- [*Aside.*

[Gripe *leads* Rich. *into the Chamber for his Wife.*

Mrs Gripe. Now--farewel old Tyrant, and all the rest of ye; if I had escap'd by violence, I had had a hue and cry after me, and been stopt presently--- [*Exit Mrs.* Gripe.

Heild. Gad! its dark--have at these Women--- Ounds you Son of a Whore. { *Kisses* Cel. Bell. *strikes him, he strikes* Blunder.

Blund. Lightning and Thunder! what Rascal cufft me? have at somebody.

Sir Humph. What's the Matter! Flamboyes come in. { *They draw, Women shriek and get out.*

Sir Chr. I'll stand up against the Wall. Fight on my merry men all——

Gripe. Oh for some Murder among themselves. { *Enter Footmen with Flambeaux.*

Sir Humph. What's the matter here?

Blund. I was boxt!

Heild. I was cufft!

Sir Chr. Come brave Boys: 'twas in the dark, and 'tis no dishonour, ne'r mind it.

He that wears a brave Soul, and dares handsomly do,
Is a Herauld to himself, and a Godfather too.

Sir Humph. Some other time let this be examin'd—

Gripe. Now you'l be gon; She you came for is safe! all your force cannot break open that Dore. There lies your way——

Footm. He is mistaken, the Lady took one of the Coaches by your order, she said, and is gon——

Sir Humph. Let's be gon and look after the Ladies.

Blund. I shall make some smoak.

Heild. Blood shall ensue—— [*Ex. all but* Gripe.

Gripe. I will arrest every man, and when I have recovered Damages, indict 'em for a Riot, poor Fools! This was a lucky adventure, since I have sav'd my Wife. They have left their Banquet and Wine, I will make Money of it. Let me go fasten my Doors. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT. III.

Enter Mr. Gripe.

Gripe. SO! I have laid up their Proviſions, and ſhall make Money of 'em, as I intend to do of my beating I have had, and the Riot they have committed; I have taken order my drunken Rogue ſhall be apprehended. But now to my Wife! perfidious Jade! I ſhall keep her Priſoner during life, for all her Hectorly Brother——

[*Exit* Gripe.

Rich. within. I think this diſguiſe will fright him, and ſecure me from a good ſubſtantial beating into the bargain: If I can get once out of the Chamber-----I am ſure I will face him down I ne'r was in it——

Enter Gripe *with a Candle.*

Gripe. Here! where is this vile Monſter of Woman-kind? Doſt thou hide thy ſelf--hah! Mercy upon me! who's here, the Devil! the Devil!---- [*He runs roaring out, the Candle falls.*

Rich. I thought my Face was pretty well before, but I ſee I could make it uglier; Art may improve Nature much. Now will I ſhift for my ſelf—— [*Exit.*

Gripe. Help, help! the Devil! the Devil!

Richard *Re-enters in his own Habit.*

Rich. What's the matter Sir?

Gripe. Oh! the Devil! the Devil in my Chamber!

Rich. Where? where! Let's ſee. I have lighted the Candle again!

Gripe. Oh Rogue! art thou here! I think thou art the Devil, how couldſt thou get in elſe? I lock'd all my dores and ſearch'd every Room in the houſe, and thou wer't not in any of 'em——

Rich. Sir, I was grown a little ſoberer with the fright of the Swords drawn, and ſenſible of my fault, I hid my ſelf from your Indignation under my Flock-bed, where I have lain and ſweat and trembled, till I heard you cry out, and I could not but come to your aſſiſtance.

Gripe. That makes ſome amends. Let's into my Wife's Chamber and ſee what's the matter, may be 'twas a trick of the lewd Wo-

man's to fright me, I am ſure I put her in there——I led her by the hand my ſelf——

Rich. Be not afraid, Sir, ſure 'twas no Devil you ſaw! have you not ſome guilt upon your Conſcience?

Gripe. Sawcy Rogue, I guilt---I have none---I am as innocent as the Child new born. Come---let's in Raſcal. Oh Heav'n! what noiſe is that, *Richard*? I ſay, *Richard*, keep cloſe to me Sirrah, cloſe——

Rich. Here's no body in the Chamber——

Gripe. What do you ſay, no body? Look about the Bed, and in and under it quickly——

Rich. Here is no body: Did you lead any body in here?

Gripe. Yes, yes, I did---I had her by the hand I thought: And ſhe ſpoke to me as ſhe went in.

Rich. Without doubt it was the Devil, and he is vaniſh'd——

Gripe. Hell and Confuſion!

Rich. Now I think on't, when I ran out at the quarrel, I thought I ſaw my Mrs. go out haſtily, take one of Sir *Humprey*'s Coaches, and hurry away with it.

Gripe. Oh horror! oh infamous Strumpet! I am rob'd, cuckold'd, abus'd; oh vilainous queen, ſhe is now in the filthy act of cuckolding me. Hell and Devils! give me my broad Sword.

Rich. Good Sir, call upon no Devils; we ſhall be torn in pieces.

Gripe. I care not what becomes of me; give me my broad Sword, I'll fetch a Warrant to ſearch that Rogue *Scattergood*'s houſe, apprehend the Strumpet, bring her home, and murder her; ſeize upon his Eſtate, ſue him to Outlaries innumerable, indict him and all the Rogues for Riots, *&c.* give me my broad Sword. Come along with me.

Rich. I dare not.

Gripe. I'll cut you off in the middle if you do not; get you before, I'll lock the doors: Oh whore, whore, whore!

Enter Sir Chr. Swaſh, Heildebrand, *and* Blunderbus.

Sir Chr. Hey Boys, bravely done! ſcowr on! break thoſe Windows, 'tis *Normandy* Glaſs, ſcowr, ſcowr.

Heild. Have at 'em.

Blund. Fall on, fall on. [*They break Windows.*

Sir Chr. 'Tis enough, march on; My *Blunderbus* and *Heildebrand*, we will over-run the Town, as eaſily as *Alexander* did *Aſia*.

[*A Citizen and his Wife walk by.*

Heild. A Prize! a Prize!

Blund.

Blund. Lay her aboard.

Citiz. She's my Wife, Gentlemen, what would you have?

Sir Chr. All kiss her——fall to, Boys.

Citiz. Help, help! Watch, Watch!

Wife. Murder, murder! help, help.

Sir Chr. Ounds you Rogue d'ye call the Watch! Swinge him. There's for you Sirrah!

Blund. Does she cry out? lay her on.
Sir Chr. 'Gad we are very mad fellows, Are not we? my Bullies.
Heild. Damme as e'r wore Swords. I take it.

Citizen and Wife run out calling out help.
Heild. *strikes her.*

Sir Chr. More game, more game; have at 'em perverse Whores, a Pox on 'em, they are past squeaking in private, though they do it in publick.

Enter two or three Old Women.

Blund. Who are these? Curse on 'em, they are old and ugly——

Heild. Herb-women, going to Market.

Sir Chr. Let 'em be what they will, I spare no Sex nor Age. Beldams, you must be kiss'd for being women, and kick'd for being ugly. The Devil take me if the Town can match us for tearing Blades now.

[*They run out crying Murder.*

Enter two or three Apprentices singing and breaking Windows.

Sir Chr. Stand! who are these? Rascals without Swords, Apprentices? must such Rogues as you usurp the priviledge of Gentlemen? such Scoundrels as you scowr? lay 'em on thick. let's swinge 'em --

Apprentices. Help, help! Watch, Watch! Murder. [*They run out.*

Sir Chr. Death! Shall such pitiful fellows think to do like us?

Enter three or four Fidlers.

Blund. Who's here? stand.

Heild. Stand Rogues: ha! they'r Fidlers.

Fidlers. We are going to Play under a window for a Wedding.

Sir Chr. We'll stop your Journey, Rascal; strike up, and play to us while we break windows.

Fidl. Good Gentlemen! we shall lose our Wedding; there are other Companies out that will be there before us.

Sir Chr. We will cut and hack you first, and then your Fiddles.

Fidler. Hold, hold Gentlemen! we will Play--- [*They play scurvily.*

Sir Chr. Now let's break Windows to this Musick. 'Tis good for nothing else. Pull down all the Knockers, and wipe out the Milk scores: will this Rogue my Footman never come with Lamb-black, and a Brush that we may blot out the signs.

Enter Citizen, with the Constable and Watch.

Citiz. These are the Rogues that set upon me and my Wife.

Consta. Rogues! Sir *Christopher Swash*, and his Friends; They use to give us Money every night Neighbours.

Watchmen. Ay, ay, very honest Gentlemen.

Consta. You are a sawcy fellow.

Sir Chr. Oh, Mr. Constable, let me kiss you; There's half a piece for your Watch to drink.

Consta. Thanks, noble Sir *Christopher*. Who are you Sir? I must have an account of you.

Watch. Ay, what are you? [*To Citizen.*

Citiz. I am an honest Man, and pay Scot and Lot in my Parish, and these Fellows set upon my Wife and me.

Consta. Stay Fidlers, whither are you sneaking?

Sir Chr. This fellow is a Rogue, and pickt up a Whore, and call'd her his Wife.

Consta. Away with him to the Gatehouse---

Citiz. Very fine.—— [*Two hale the Citizen away.*

Sir Chr. Now honest Constable we are well met. And I have Fiddles, 'Gad you shall Dance to 'em.

Const. Any thing Master that you please.

Sir Chr. When that's done, go into your Huts, drink Brandy like Dutch Skippers, and smoak like double Chimneys for the good and security of the Nation! while we scowr afresh.

Const. Come fellows, strike up—— [*Dance.*

Sir Chr. Very well——I vow.

Const. Good morrow to your Worship.

Sir Chr. Good morrow!

Const. We are undon, yonder's the High Constable going the Rounds to Night! haste every one to his Post—— [*Ex. Const. and Watch.*

Enter

Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgooſe.

Sir Chr. Who's here, Sir *Nicholas Peakgooſe !* i'faith thou ſhalt roar and ſing, and break Windows———

Sir Nich. Not for the world, Gentlemen; I am going to fetch my *Celia* from Sir *Humphrey*'s houſe, if ſhe find me in drink, ſhe'll be outragious.

Sir Chr. Gad you ſhall: hang ſneaking after a Whore; Keep her under.

Sir Nich. Pray Sir excuſe me.

Sir Chr. Gad do as I bid you, or fight.

Sir Nich. Fight! oh Lord, fight! what would ſhe ſay to me, if I ſhould venture my ſelf to fight?

Sir Chr. Prithee don't ſtand prating, but roar and break Windows, or draw.

Sir Nich. I am reſolv'd, I'll not draw: What will you have me do? what will become of me?

Sir Chr. Follow us——— [*Sings.*

Diſeaſes and Troubles are ne'r to be found,
But in the damn'd place where the Glaſs goes not round.

Sing with a Pox to you.

Sir Nich. Well, well— *Diſeaſes and Troubles*, &c. [*Sings.*

Enter H. Conſtable.

H. Conſt. Theſe are the Bullies that made the Havock laſt Night in *Covent-Garden*, and this Night hereabouts; fall on, knock 'em down.

Sir Chr. How now! we muſt to Battle———

Conſtable and Watch fall on, Sir Nicholas *running away is knock'd down and taken, the reſt with broken Heads eſcape, and get to* Sir Humphrey's *Houſe.*

H. Conſt. Come Sirrah! have we taken ye? we ſee where the others are gotten in.

Sir Nich. Gentlemen, as I hope to be ſav'd I was none of their Company; but they ſet upon me, and threatned to kill me if I went from 'em. I will be a witneſs againſt them.

Watch. 'Tis Sir *Nicholas Peakgooſe*; a very civil Gentleman.

H. Conſt. I know him! you will be forth coming in the Morning to witneſs againſt 'em——

Sir

Sir Nich. I will.

H. Conſt. Go! good night. Beſet Sir *Humphrey Scattergood*'s houſe, we'll have 'em and they be alive.

Sir Nich. Good night Gentlemen: Oh my Head and Shoulders! a deuce take their ſcowring, for me—— [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Steward.

SCENE Sir *Humphrey*'s Houſe.

Soft Muſick plays.

Stew. Heav'n how he melts his Time and Land away in Luxury and Sloath, and I by force muſt be an Inſtrument in his wickedneſs; now muſt I keep the Dore, while he, his Friends and Whores are lolling in their Baths, prepar'd with coſt befitting Emperors; nay, They're perhaps revelling in the height of Sin—but I will pray and read theſe godly Meditations by my ſelf— [*A Song is ſung to 'em within.*

Enter Sir Chriſtopher, Blunderbus, *and* Heildebrand.

Sir Chr. Hear you old formal Steward, where is your Maſter?

Stew. Bleſs me, what ails you all? are your Brains beaten out?

Sir Chr. No, we have had a Battle with the *Myrmidons* of St. *Martins*, we have ſwinged, and are ſwinged——

Blund. I am ſure my Porker is embrued in Blood.

Heild. And mine is ſtain'd in gore of filthy Peaſant.

Stew. Bleſs us! Heav'n! Have you committed Murder?

Sir Chr. Prithee leave prating, and open the door; we heard the Muſick this way, thy Maſter's there.

Stew. You muſt not paſs, my Maſter and his Friends are all in Baths.

Sir Chr: And where are the Women, the Cockatrices?

Stew. The Cockatrices are bathing too.

Sir Chr. What mine?

Stew. Yes, yours.

Blund. What a Pox, does he manage the Body of your Caravan?

Sir Chr. Peace Oylie——his own Convenient's there, we will all run roaring in.

Stew. You cannot paſs; there is a Blunderbuſs within charged with 15 Bullets, in the hands of a damn'd deſperate Rogue.

Sir Chr. Pox on't——I know my Buttock's honeſt; but I care not, for the Devil take me, I drink too much to be a man at Arms. Gad! I only keep her for the lewdneſs of the matter. *Enter*

Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgooſe.

Blund. Halloo——Here's *Peakgooſe.* Now you ſhall drink——

Heild. 'Gad--we have catch'd you; you ſhall drink like a Devil.

Sir Chr. Ay 'gad ſhall you---and roar and have t'other Battel too, Boy—— [*Sings.*

The Stars which you ſee,
In the Hemiſphear be
But the ſtuds in your faces with Drinking, &c.

Sir Nich. Good Gentlemen, Pardon me. I muſt go to my Dear. Where is Madam *Chloris*, Friend?

Stew. You cannot come at her: the Ladies are in one Bathing Room, and the Gentlemen in another juſt by 'em.

Blund. Sir *Humphrey* will ſwinge your Buttock away——

Heild. Yes, He or ſome of 'em will manage your Natural gallantly.

Sir Nich. Who! my Birds n'eyes. I am ſure ſhe would not do ſuch a thing, as I may ſay, for the world.

Sir Chr. Piſh! Pox of Whores. Let's go drink 'em out of our heads. Where's the Yeoman of the Cellar?

Stew. Why he, or his Servant is never out on't! 'Twill come to a fine paſs.

Sir Chr. Come along to the Cellar.

Sir Nich. Excuſe me, I will not go---what to make a Beaſt of my ſelf?

Sir Chr. If you will not go, Draw! for 'foregod you ſhall fight.

Sir Nich. What will become of me? with theſe roaring Fellows I muſt go.

Sir. Chr. *The Sun's gone to Tipple all Night in the Sea Boys,*
To morrow hee'l riſe, and be paler than we Boys;
Give us Wine, give him Water, 'tis Sack makes us The Boys.

Enter Sir Humphrey, Bellamy, *and* Wildman, *in morning Gowns.*

Bell. With what variety of pleaſure you melt away your hours.

Wild. There's need of Fancy and Invention for ſuch Luxury.

Sir Humph. It is beyond the ſence of Fops; a Fool has not wit enough to be pleas'd, he but ſeems merry, when he's ſad at heart. Is not this better than venturing life for Ambition, being perpetually anxious for a Blew-Ribbon, or a white-Staff, to have a crowd of Clients ſneaking two hours in my Anti-Chamber, who crouch like Slaves

when I appear; yet hate and scorn me for my Pride the while?

Bell. These are the irregular appetites of Men, whose Minds are Sick. The vigorous Body and the healthful mind can find no pleasure but in Sense.

Wild. Fools are led away by shadows, and let the substance go; while the rash, giddy, and magnanimous Fool runs abroad, is delicately lousie, and kills men for Honour, who never anger'd him: We stay at home and get 'em.

Sir Humph. Which I take it, is the more honourable employment of the Two. Another Fop breaks his Brains with Metaphysical Nonsence, a Mathematical Coxcomb besots himself with *a*, *b*, *c*, Superficies, Lines and Angles; our Virtuoso contemplates Lice in Microscopes; your Orator studies to show his parts in Whipt-Cream-speeches; your Schoolman wasts his time in Bulls and Nonsensical Distinctions to make the same thing differ from it self; and your politick Owl drudges and makes a business of what is none---

Wild. And all the while the Senses are neglected.

Sir Humph. Your drudging Millhorse Block-head, is useful for Government, while we most wisely find out Pleasures for every Sense; we are Lords o'th' world, and enjoy all in it, while they are Slaves———

Bell. 'Twas not our fault, we did not please every Sense even now. These pretty Whores are skittish.

Wild. We could do nothing with 'em but put them to the squeak a little.

Sir Humph. Some of these kept-Ladies, will no more treat you with Love, than Taverns will with Wine; 'tis against their Trade: But I have had 'em all for Money. I cannot, like the grand Signior, make a Wench come when I give my Handkerchief: But if I see a pretty Whore I like, I send her 50 *l.* and to that Lure she stoops, and strait I Truss her: if not, a 100 *l.* brings her down: my Money is less precious than my Time.

Bell. Faith, you are in the right: I see what 'twill come to—for I have a damnable mind to that pretty Jade *Celia*.

Wild. And I must have my *Chloris*, whatever becomes of me.

Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgoose.

Sir Nich. Sir *Humphrey*! Your humble Servant.

Sir Humph. Sir *Nicholas Peakgoose*! your Servant.

Sir Nich. Where is my Mistress, poor Rogue?

Sir Humph. Within, with her Companions.

Sir

Sir Nich. I long to see her, pretty Rogue. I have not seen her these six hours, and yonder's Sir *Christopher Smash*—and his Hectorly Companions will kill me with drinking Bumpers, as they call 'em, if you protect me not; they draw and threaten to fight with me, if I do not drink; I have been knock'd down by the Watch, for being taken for one of his lewd Company already. Hide me—hide me.

Enter Sir Christopher, Blunderbus, *and* Heildebrand.

Sir Chr. Where is this Scoundrel, that basely flies from a Bumper? Draw! I will have satisfaction. I will Tap him, and let out the Claret he has drank already.

Sir Humph. Good Sir *Christopher*, spare his life for my sake.

Sir Chr. For your sake he lives; but upon condition, he shall come down and drink lustily——

Sir Humph. What makes you bloody?

Sir Chr. We have had a Skirmish, faith. Would you had been with us, I never saw better scowring days of my life; but now we are here, let's all down and drink bloodily.

Blund. There's no life to drinking, roaring, and lying rough.

Heild. There's no pleasure in a single Drunkenness. But Sir *Nicholas* and we lead a life, we!

Sir Humph. Let us borrow Sir *Nicholas* a quarter of an hour, till he sees his Mistress, and then we'll restore him——

Sir Chr. D'ye hear *Nick?* Be sure you come, or by Heav'n I'll run you through the Lungs next time I meet you——.

They go out Singing.] { *March on bravely! forward let us go,*
Tara ra rant tan tant, tan tan tan tara ra
rant tan tan! The Trumpets they do blow.

Sir Nich. Oh Lord have have mercy upon me! what shall I do? I'll swear the Peace against him, if I live and breath.

Enter Phillis, Celia, and Chloris.

Oh my Dear! Art thou there?

Celia. Yes, you Fop; But what do you do here?

Sir Nich. Prithee be not angry Miss. I come to wait on Thee home——

Celia. I'll not go---Go home by your self! go I say, go quickly—

Sir Nich. Good, dear Madam, let me stay.

Celia. I shall have people think you are jealous of me! How dare you come after me thus?

Sir Nich. I jealous! I'd have 'em to know I ſcorn their words.

Celia. Go home then! get you gone! Why do you ſtay, when I bid you go? Muſt you come ſneaking after me? Do you think you are fit to be ſeen in good Company, becauſe I am ſo?

Sir Nich. I know I am not; but good, ſweet Madam, let me ſtay here: I beg it on my knees.

Phill. Nay, nay, now you are too Cruel: let me intercede for him.

Sir Nich. Ay!

Chlo. Madam! Pray let me beg for him.

Sir Nich. Look you there.

Cel. He ſhall not ſtay. Ladies, you don't know what you do, If I ſhou'd ſuffer him, he'ld always be peaking after me---Go, I ſay, I will be obey'd----

Sir Nich. I'll give thee all the Money I have about me, if thou'lt go home with me.

Celia. Come, give it me.

Sir Nich. There.

Celia. Well, I will go home, but go you out and wait an hour, till I come.

Sir Nich. Well, my Dear, what you will. Good, Sir *Humphrey*, let your Servants guard me from theſe Roarers.

Sir Humph. Well, poor Rogue, I'll ſtay. Go! thou art a pretty one. [*Ex. Sir* Nicholas.

Stew. Sir, the fat Gentlewoman is come with three young Girls.

Phill. There's a Collation waits you; will you come in to it, my Deareſt?

Sir Humph. Go! we will follow you— [*Ex.* Phill. Cel. Chloris. Now Gentlemen, a conſultation: Here are Maiden-heads coming, we'll divide 'em equally. Steward, ſend her in, and convey her Attendants the back way into my Apartment. And let 'em be bath'd, new rigg'd with Linnen.

Stew. It goes againſt my Conſcience, and is below my Dignity.

Sir Humph. Sirrah! Begon! obey me, or you have no Tips of Ears to Morrow—— [*Exit Steward.*

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. Well, I have taken ſuch pains for you, I am ready to expire—I had gotten my houſe full of handſom Wenches for your Worſhips uſe: But I thought the Maiden-heads I ſpoke of would be more fit, and I have brought 'em all three with much ado.

Sir

Sir Humph. And will you warrant 'em Maids?

Bawd. That I will upon my sincerity; did I ever deceive you? I have more Conscience than to be corrupt in my Calling, not for this Earth I would not--But these are dearer than I thought. They are 50 *l.* a piece, if you have 'em: I never higgle or make words with you.

Sir Humph. Talk not of Price! it is my Birth-Night. Gentlemen, I'll treat you like a man of Honour. We'll cast Lots for 'em.

Bell. You are too obliging. [*Enter Steward.*

Stew. I have conducted the Gentlewomen--Whores in.

Sir Humph. Prethee honest Bawd, go and bring all the Whores in at my back-gate. Do you hear, old Fool? see you entertain 'em well: and let every Stranger and Servant in my House have his *Cher entirè*. I'll not have a Man-servant idle, nor a Maid-servant honest: Chastity shall be Felony, and Sobriety High-Treason.

Bawd. Well Sir, I'll fetch 'em all. [*Ex.*

Stew. Good Sir, will you whip me, hang me, or——

Sir Humph. Peace, thou hypocritical old Sot; do you hear, be you Drunk soundly, and Whore lustily, or Wars will ensue between us——

Stew. Whore! oh Lord! I whore? What will become of me?

Sir Humph. Come on my Friends, Let's in and survey my Markettings——

Wild. Lead on, my noble Prince of Pleasure; and we'll follow---

Stew. To the Devil all! and thither I shall follow, unless I suddenly get loose from these clutches. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgoose, Sir Christopher, Blunderbus, *and* Heildebrand.

Sir Chr. Are you so nimble i'faith! we have catch't you agen!

Sir Nich. You have made me drunk with these Bumpers. What will you murder me? have some pity on me, on my Knees I beg you'l let me drink no more; what will my Mrs. say?

Sir Chr. You are in a good posture. Kneel all! Fill us t'other Bumper. 'Death! Drink it, I say. Drink it, or Blood will ensue——

Sir Nich. What will become of poor Sir *Nicholas*?——

Sir Chr. All together clash.

Sir Nich. Well, I must do't.

Sir Chr. T'other round.

Sir Nich. Mercy upon me! I am dead! I am kill'd! I'll lay my death to your charge—no more to be said. [*He lets fall the glass, and breaks it.*

Sir

Sir Chr. Ah Raſcal, Do you ſpill your Drink! 'Ownds! fling the reſt of the Bumpers in's face.

Sir Nich. Murder! Help,---help. I am ſlain. { *They fling all the glaſſes in's face.*

Without. Open the Dore! we'll break it open---[*A great noiſe without.*

Sir Chr. What's the matter? Now draw the Fool away; he's dead drunk. [*A noiſe again.*

Enter Sir Humph. Bell. *and* Wildman.

Sir Humph. How now! What's the matter without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir! The High Conſtable with a huge Guard, and Mr. *Gripe* in the head of 'em is come with a Warrant to ſearch the houſe. ——

Sir Humph. Call up my Servants! fetch my Guns.

Sir Chr. Hey Boys! we ſhall have more ſcowring!

Blund. Now we ſhall ſhow our valour.

Enter Servants with Guns and Piſtols.

H. Conſtable and Watch break in. Gripe *and* Richard.

Sir Humph. What means this violence?

H. Conſt. We have a Warrant to ſearch for Mrs. *Gripe.*---

Sir Humph. Fall on! fall on. We are victorious, and have taken Priſoners.

Gripe. What will become of us! we ſhall be Murder'd. { *They fall on, beat the Conſtable and Watch out, return with* Gripe, *and* Richard *Priſoners.*

Sir Humph. Lock 'em up, Safe! and guard my houſe with Guns and Muſquets! unſeaſonable Raſcals to interrupt our pleaſure.

Blund. Shall we plunder, ſtrip, and take the ſpoil of the Field?

Sir Humph. No! we'll call 'em to a Council of War, and condemn 'em; away with 'em. [*They carry* Gripe *and* Richard *away.*

Gripe. O mercy, mercy!

Sir Humph. What is Sir *Nicholas* kill'd in the fray?

Sir Chr. No---in our fray; Dead drunk. This was a brave Battle!

Sir Humph. Now all to bed: Carry Sir *Nicholas* to bed.

Sir Chr. Not we! we'll go drink and lie rough! fare you well upon thoſe terms. Come Bullies, I think we have behav'd our ſelves like Emperours!

Enter

Enter Mrs. Gripe *like a young Officer, and her Brother's Serjeant.*

Mrs. Gripe. Am I compleatly set out like a young Officer? Do my Brother's Accoutrements sit well upon me?

Serj. They become you admirably; you are as brisk, as fierce an Officer as the best of 'em; and so like your Brother, 'tis amazing, had not I been privy to your Design and his, I should have sworn you were my Captain.

Mrs. Gripe. That likeness between us will further my design. My Husband knows nothing of my Brother, but that he has heard we are so like, that upon an Experiment I dress't my self in man's clothes once, and we were not known from one another: But do I strut, cock, and look fierce enough?

Serj. To a Miracle! But since you have this design upon your Husband to fright and make him yield to good terms, why would you not let your Brother carry it on?

Mrs. Gripe. He resents so much the base usage of me, that I know not what his passion might have provok'd him to: Besides, it seems to be the right of an English Woman to Hector her own Husband; and faith, I'll have him under my Command now, or press him for *Flanders.*

Serj. Bravely resolv'd.

Mrs. Gripe. I'll teach Husbands to provoke their own Flesh.

Serj. That is out of his power or yours to do to him—— [*Aside.*

Mrs. Gripe. I'll make him such an example. I'll make all Husbands have a care, how by Injuries they sower their Wive's love into revenge, or their meekness into rage. I know he's a Coward, as all Tyrants are; and I'll make him e're I have done, as dearly as he loves his Money, part with a good Sum for fear of his life——

Serj. Methinks they that live so miserably, shou'd not fear to dye——

Mrs. Gripe. Oh yes! They are such Fools to choose the worst part of life, and are yet greater Fools, and prefer it to Death, which is far better: to be dead, is to be insensible; but to have senses and deny 'em all, is worse. Do you find him out, and get him to a private place, and let me alone.

Serj. I will, Madam! 'Sheart I shall forget to call you Captain.

Mrs. Gripe. Well, I shall strut, look big, and huff enough for a Captain, I warrant you: by your leave Modesty for a while. A desperate ill, must have a desperate cure: But these words of Command stick in my Throat, and I cannot swear worth a farthing.

Serj.

Serj. Oh uſe, uſe! 'tis nothing but uſe——

Mrs. Gripe. But why muſt we uſe French Diſcipline? we did not ſo when *Henry* the Fifth beat 'em.

Serj. Why, by plaguing the world this Ten years, they have found a better way than we have.

Mrs. Gripe. Well, I'll try! Let me con——Even your Ranks. Straiten your Files. Shoulder all. Reſt your Arms. To the right, to the right, to the right. To the left, to the left, to the left. Dam'me what awkard Rogue is this? [*She canes the Serjeant.*

Serj. O brave Captain! well done! But 'twas a little o'th' hardeſt.

Mrs. Gripe. I'll warrant you——I'll lay it on——let me alone for Diſcipline--*allons.* [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT. IV.

Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgooſe *Drunk at play, with* Blunderbus *and* Heildebrand.

Sir Nich. PRay Gentlemen, let me give over play. You have gotten my Gold Watch, and Diamond Ring, and 20 *l.* upon Tick.

Blund. Nay, 'gad you ſhall play t'other 20 *l.*

Sir *Nich.* Lord! what would you have of a man? I cann't abide play: I hate it mortally, ſo I do.

Heild. What a Pox! you don't take us for Cheats, do you?

Sir *Nich.* Who I? Not I Gentlemen, for the world! yet I doubt they are little better! [*Aſide.*

Blund. Dam'me! 'Tis not your beſt courſe.

Heild. You ſhall find us Gentlemen: That ſcorn to do or ſuffer an ill Thing. Therefore play on.

Sir *Nich.* Heav'n deliver me from theſe dreadful Bullies: They will get all my Money, or quarrel with me.

Blund. What a Devil do you mean? will you play, or no?

Sir *Nich.* Pray Gentlemen don't be angry, I will then double, or quit. I'll ſet you the 20 *l.* becauſe I will make an end, Mr. *Heildebrand*; but I vow and ſwear, I'll play no more after that.

Heild. Are you ſure the Doctors are in, *Blunderbus*?

Yes,

Blund. Yes, I am ſure! at it Man!

Heild. Come then! here's at it, 7.

Sir *Nich.* 12! 'tis out! quit.

Heild. I Nickt you! ask *Blunderbus.*

Sir *Nich.* Nay, then I'll never play more; 12 Nick 7. Do what you will with me, I'll not throw a Die more. What a Pox! Do you think I am a Fool?

Blund. If you do this *Heildebrand*, you will loſe him for ever; a Plague of ill luck——.

Heild. Was it 12?

Sir *Nich.* Ay marry was it! ask Mr. *Blunderbus* elſe.

Blund. Yes it was: Sir *Nicholas* is in the right, look you there now.

Sir *Nich.* Look you there now.

Heild. No more to be ſaid.

Sir *Nich.* Well, Good morrow, Gentlemen, your humble Servant. Now we are quit I'll play no more really. [*Running off is ſtopt.*

Blund. Nay, you ſhall not go; the Devil take me if you don't play one 20 *l.* more.

Heild. Never ſpeak on't, you ſhall play for one 20 *l.* more, if you were my Father. Zounds! you don't take us for Snaps, do you?

Sir *Nich.* I will not play, I will not! I will not! what will you do with me? Help, help. [*They hale him, he ſtruggles.*

Enter Mrs. Gripe *and Serjeant.*

Heild. Run *Blunderbus*, we ſhall loſe our Bubble. [*Sir* Nich. *runs out they after him.*

Mrs. Gripe. I ſee already that this is a fine civil well-govern'd Family. You muſt guard me.

Serj. I warrant you, Captain. Where are the Servants? they have been all drunk, and roaring all night, and I believe are all aſleep.

Enter Steward.

Oh! here's one.

Mrs. Gripe. I muſt needs ſpeak with Sir *Humphrey Scattergood.* Pray let him know I wait for him. My Buſineſs is earneſt.

Stew. I ſhall Sir—— [*Exit Steward.*

Mrs. Gripe. You are ſure my Husband is here?

Serj. Yes, one of the Watch told me, That when they were beaten Sir *Humphrey* took him Priſoner.

Enter Sir Humphrey.

This is Sir *Humphrey.*

Mrs. Gripe: Sir, your moſt humble Servant. I hope you will excuſe this Diſturbance, when you ſhall know my Buſineſs.

Sir *Humph.* A Gentleman's Commands can never diſturb me.

Mrs. Gripe. Sir, I am Brother to the unfortunate Mrs. *Gripe*, the Wife of a wretched Uſurer; who, I am inform'd is in your Houſe.

Sir *Humph.* He is Sir, but I ſhould have taken you for her, Her ſelf in man's habit.

Serj. A Woman! He has been my Captain abroad theſe four years; if you had ſeen what brave Actions he has perform'd in the midſt of fire and ſmoak, you would not have taken him for a Woman.

Mrs. Gripe. I ſhould not wonder much at your miſtake; for juſt before I went out of *England*, ſhe was dreſs'd in man's habit; and we were ſo like, we could not be known aſunder.

Sir *Humph.* Indeed I have heard there was a ſtrange likeneſs betwixt you; the very Look and Voice! hah!

Mrs. Gripe. But Sir, if I be inform'd right, you cannot miſtake; for ſhe is in your Houſe.

Sir *Humph.* She is not, upon my Honour. This is moſt amazing. I never ſaw ſuch likeneſs——They ſpeak ſo like too——

Mrs. Gripe. If he be here, I beg you will deliver him over to me to uſed as he deſerves; for the Barbarity he has practis'd on my Siſter.

Sir *Humph.* With all my heart Sir! uſe him at your diſcretion. My houſe is free for you, and do you hear, Steward, Bid all my Servants be at the Captain's Command——I ſhould almoſt have ſworn it had been ſhe.

Mrs. Gripe. I give you many thanks for this favour, and ſhould be glad to ſerve you with my Sword.

Sir *Humph.* You honour me, Sir! Fetch down *Gripe* and his Man: Sir, I will go in and dreſs me, and then wait on you; and I beg you will make uſe of my houſe, and accept of what ever it affords for your Entertainment. [*Ex. Sir* Humph.

Mrs. Gripe. You are very generous and obliging. So, thus far I have acted a Captain well enough.

Enter O. Gripe *and* Richard.

Serj. Oh, here are the Raſcals, Captain.

Mrs. Gripe. Which is *Gripe*?

Serj. That old Fellow!

Gripe.

Gripe. Look *Richard*, was ever any one ſo like my damn'd Wife? Oh Lord, it is her Brother ſure, by the deſcription I have heard.

Mrs. Gripe. Is your name *Gripe?*

Gripe. Her very Voice too, *Richard.*

Mrs. Gripe. Speak, you Raſcal, are you that damn'd fellow *Gripe*, that Married my Siſter——my name is *Bevil.*

Gripe. I did Marry one *Bevil*, and if I did not ſee you in this Accoutrement, I ſhould take you for her.

Mrs. Gripe. Her! had you done me one ſuch Injury as ſhe has ſuffer'd Thouſands from you, I would have cut your Throat long ſince: But you know, old villainous Murderer, I am not ſhe: I have been at her houſe, ſhe's miſſing, and I doubt not but you have kill'd her; for ſhe is no where to be found, and I am reſolv'd to have your Blood for't.

Gripe. Ha! hum——It muſt be he! I murder her! Heav'n forbid! ſhe is run away from me, and I believe ſhe is in the houſe playing the Whore here with Sir *Humphrey.*

Mrs. Gripe. Villain! Thou ly'ſt—— [*She ſtrikes him.*
I know her vertue; all thy damn'd Generation put together, have not half her Honeſty.

Gripe. What will become of me! I tremble all over. 'Tis he, I heard his Drums beat up yeſterday.

Mrs. Gripe. I ſee your Conſcience ſtrikes you! had ſhe not been murder'd, ſhe would have come to ſome of her Relations. Prepare, old Viper, and pray; for thou haſt not a quarter of an hour to live, upon my Honour.

Rich. Good Sir—Let me go! if ſhe be kill'd, Heav'n knows I had no hand in her Murder.

Mrs. Gripe. Sirrah! ſtay, or I'll knock your Brains out.

Rich. I ſee it is her Brother; ſhe had a great reſpect for me, and would not have uſed me ſo. 'Tis he by his hard blows.

Mrs. Gripe. Kneel and Pray, or by Heav'n I'll kill you before you prepare——

Gripe. I cannot Pray, I cannot prepare—what have I done?

Mrs. Gripe. I have loſt a Siſter; and if ſhe be not murder'd, ſhe has been ſo abus'd by you, that nothing but your life ſhall ſatisfie, and I ſhall do my Countrey good Service in ridding it of ſuch a Monſter.

Rich. Take your courſe——if he were dead, I ſhould eat again.

Mrs. Gripe. I'll ſtay no longer—have at you— [*Offers at him.*

Gripe. Hold, hold! ſweet Sir! good Brother Captain! do but adjourn the Execution till I go home and ſettle my affairs, and I'll wait on you again.

Mrs. Gripe. No Villain, thou ſhalt die now, at ye——

Gripe. O Heav'n! I cannot endure it. I cannot pray, do not murder my Soul. I confeſs I have been a great Sinner: I have wrong'd many young Orphans, and Comfortleſs Widows——

Rich. And ſtarved your Servants——

Gripe. Beſides, upon the words of a dying man, your Siſter run away from me. I lockt her up indeed to ſave the Honour of your Family; for ſhe is a moſt ſalacious Woman——

Mrs. Gripe. He angers me to the quick with that---Thou ly'ſt old Dotard, Thou dy'ſt for that——

Gripe. Oh hold! hold! Let me but live to repent awhile; I do confeſs I have wrong'd her——

Serj. Hold Sir! Spare his life——

Gripe. Thank you, good Sir——

Mrs. Gripe. Diſſuade me not!

Gripe. Hold! hold! here's my Man can tell you ſhe ran away from me.

Rich. Indeed Captain ſhe did go away, as ſhe had reaſon; and I help'd her to eſcape.

Mrs. Gripe. Are you ſuch a Raſcal to lye for him? No, he dies.

Serj. Hear me, good Captain, your Recruits are not yet full: He ſeems to be a luſty old Fellow, and can carry Arms yet.

Mrs. Gripe. Say you ſo?

Gripe. What a Devil does he ſay, Arms? that's as bad!

Mrs. Gripe. If you think ſo---take him to your Cuſtody. When he is in *Flanders*, if I hear not of my Siſter in a reaſonable time I'll kill him. In the mean while I'll put him into the Van on all occaſions——

Gripe. Sir, Sir! why Captain, Noble Captain, I am a moſt hideous Coward, I ſhall run away, and ſpoil all your Men.

Mrs. Gripe. If you do, I will hang you. No reſiſting, here take a Shilling.

Gripe. I muſt confeſs I have a great reſpect for a Shilling, and never could refuſe one in my life.

Mrs. Gripe. Enroll his name, and put his Coat on.

Gripe. Now I hope you'l let me go upon Parol to furniſh my ſelf with Neceſſaries——

Serj. No: We'll furniſh you with them----

Mrs. Gripe. Now Sirrah, you are liſted; if you run from your Colours, I can hang you by Law——

Gripe. Heav'n! what am I condemned to?

Serj.

Serj. Here put on your Coat.

Mrs. Gripe. Kill him if he resist——

Gripe. There is Law, and I have Friends——

Mrs Gripe. You lye Sirrah, you have no Friends; and for Law, I'll make you know that *Inter arma silent Leges.* Put his Man a Coat on; and List him.. There's a Shilling----

Rich. What shall I do---I am a vile Coward! I am as much afraid of Guns, as Indians or Wild-Beasts are——

Serj. Come sirrah, put it on——What's your Name?

Rich. My Name is *Richard Grubb* ---

Mrs. Gripe. Carry them into the Court, and teach 'em the use of their Arms: But d'ye hear Serjeant, be not out of my whistle——

Serj. Come! Honest Comrade *Gripe*, give me thy hand.

Gripe. Pox on your Comradeship; I desire no such base Company. Did ever I think to be Comrade to such a fellow?

Rich. Now must I learn to lye rough, filch Linnen, steal Poultry, lye with a Sutler's Wife, and be Lousie. Now Master give me your hand, we are Comrades too——

Gripe. Rogue! I shall live to remember you. What shall I do? All my Writings will be embezz'led, I shall be utterly ruin'd, my Mortgages lost, my Money conceal'd——

Rich. Fear not, Sir, you'll live better with 8 *d.* a day, than ever you did. I make no doubt but you will save Money at the years end to put out to use---For my part, I am glad that I shall wear Cloaths, and [*Exit Mrs.* Gripe.

Gripe. Now Serjeant, your Captain is gone in; honest Comrade, 'tis in your power to oblige your self and me very much: I'll give you Ten Shillings, and your own agen, if you will let me escape.

Serj. How the Rogue values his Liberty. [*Aside.*
No, good Sir, get you out. I'll borrow two of Sir *Humphrey*'s Muskquets, and Exercise you——

Gripe. I'll give, a 11.

Serj. No,---go out, I say.

Gripe. Good Comrade---I'll give you 12.

Serj. Get you out—

Gripe. Hold---13.

Serj. No---I'll not be cashier'd for you—

Gripe. Cashier me; I'll give 14.

Serj. No---I tell you——

Gripe. 15.

Serj. No.

Gripe.

Gripe. 16.
Serj. Out I say——
Gripe. 17.
Serj. Out, or I'll send you out.
Gripe. 18.
Serj. Go.
Gripe. 19.
Serj. I'll knock you down.
Gripe. 20. Have you no mercy in you?
Serj. The Rogue bids for his Liberty, as if it were a stock at 12 *d.* Gleek. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Humphrey, *Mrs.* Gripe, Bellamy, *and* Wildman.

Bell. Was there ever such likeness between two, as betwixt this Captain and his Sister?
Wild. It is Prodigious—I never heard her speak but once, and me-thinks their Voices have some likeness.
Bell. They have so---This is a very Effeminate man to look at, yet they report him to be a brave Fellow.
Mrs. Gripe. You oblige me beyond return.
Sir *Humph.* I have often heard of your worth, and think my self happy in this opportunity of knowing you---My house is a house of freedom, Command it. If you have a mind to a fresh handsom Wench, as that's no great question to a young Officer, you shall have h[illegible]

Enter Phillis, Celia, *and* Chloris.

Mrs. Gripe. To us that have been in the Camp, That's no ill Proposal; and faith Gentlemen, you shall find me a Man at Arms in all points——
Sir *Humph.* In the mean time here is my Mistress, I bar her——But the other two, if you can win 'em, do——
Mrs. Gripe. And faith I'll try 'em. I am resolved to carry on this frolick as far as 'twill go. [*Aside.*
Sir *Humph.* This is the Captain that's so like his Sister [*They salute.*
Phill. There is a strange resemblance betwixt 'em——
Chlo. I never saw one so like another days o' my breath.
Celia. He is a mighty pretty Man.
Chlo. A fine Gentleman as e're I saw——
Celia. He is a very sweet Person indeed.

Bell.

Bell. Ha! I like not these proceedings. This Beardless Officer will be too hard for us.

Wild. Oh these Wenches love a fellow with a Scarf, or an Arse Belt mightily.

Phill. My Dear, I have a Lawyer and Writings ready for that Settlement thou wert pleas'd to promise me, if thou wilt dispatch it now, not that I desire it; but in case of Mortality: for while thou liv'st I desire nothing but thee; and when thou art dead 'twill do me little good--for I shall scarce out-live thee. So I am very indifferent, do what thou wilt.

Sir *Humph.* No--come my Dear, I'll dispatch it now. Sir your pardon for a moment. [*Exit Sir* Humph. *and* Phillis.

Bell. Prithee let's withdraw and observe 'em a little.

Wild. Sir, He'll wait on you suddenly, in the mean time we leave the Ladies with you---. [*Ex.*

Mrs. Gripe. Your Servant: These I humbly conceive are Whores, or they wou'd not be here; how the Devil shall I talk to 'em both?

Chlo. Well--he's the prettiest Man that e're was born——

Celia. You cannot have been long a Souldier, you are so young and smooth-fac'd——

Mrs. Gripe. I have no youth,--but what's at the Ladie's Service---

Chlo. Pray what manner of Ladies have you beyond Sea?

Mrs. Gripe. Not half so pretty as the English Ladies.

Chlo. How do they make love there?

Mrs. Gripe. Faith Madam thus---we fall o' board as fast as we can, thus, and thus—[*Kisses 'em.*] and thus and thus—

Celia. Hold, hold Sir, you are very brisk.

Chlo. Well---he is a pretty good natur'd thing, I warrant him---

Celia. Have you been in many Battels? I see you are a valiant Man.

Mrs. Gripe. Yes, many----I have been used to Fire, Smoak, and Cannon; Yells of Matrons, and groans of dying men, and cannot Boggle at a Lady; as for example--- [*Kisses 'em again.*

Chlo. He is a gallant Officer, no doubt——

Celia. You are a rare man; you think to storm a Lady, and carry her by Fire and Sword.

Mrs. Gripe. My time is but short, and I wish I were rid of her, that I might tell you how much I am taken with you; and if you would not believe my words, to show it by my actions---

to Celia.

Celia. You flatter me, I am infinitely pleas'd with this Captain.

Chlo. Captain, one word with you—

Mrs. Gripe. Dear pretty Creature——how you transport me;

if

if yon Lady were abſent. I have ſuch a paſſion to diſcloſe to you.

Chlo. A moſt admirable man---Sir, I ſhould be loath to be eſteem'd ungrateful.

Wild. What a condition we are in! S'heart---They'l raviſh him.

Bell. Theſe Wenches are ſtark mad after ſmooth-faced fighting fellows, let 'em be never ſuch Puppies.

Mrs. Gripe. Dear pretty Rogue, y'are the ſweeteſt Creature I ever ſaw, and ſhe is diſagreeable--oh that I had thee alone.

Celia. You Compliment me, he's a fine bred man; what a mein he has?

Chlo. By your leave. Sweet Captain, I believe you met with little reſiſtance from the Ladies in *Flanders.*

Mrs. Gripe. I ſhould be overjoy'd to meet none from thee, My dear pretty one, would yon Creature were away. I do not like her at all--I have that to tell you---

Chlo. Are we not uncivil, both us to leave Madam *Phillis*---if you will go to her, I'll come preſently.

Celia. I am not to be taught Civility from you, good Madam, go you——

Chlo. Nor am I to be taught by you, and you go to that.

Bell. Very fine, they'l fight for him by and by.

Celia. But Captain.

Chlo. I'll tell you Captain.

Celia. 'Tis not good breeding, Madam, to interrupt one in ſpeaking.

Chlo. Tell me of breeding. There has been ſome difference in our breeding.

Celia. That there has to my advantage: 'Slife your breeding.

Wild. We are like to have very conſtant Miſtreſſes, if we get 'em.

Mrs. Gripe. So---I am a very pretty fellow: I have got the hearts of both of 'em, and now I am afraid I ſhall find it hard to get rid of 'em.

Celia. I wonder at your Impertinence.

Chlo. My Impertinence: You are a confident Creature.

Celia. Thou art below my anger.

Chlo. Am I ſo? well——I know what you are!

Celia. Why! what am I Mrs. Minx?

Mrs. Gripe. Nay, good Ladies hold. Let this go no farther; for as I am an Officer, I am bound to ſecure you, faith---

Chlo. At your Command, good Captain---I ſhall deſiſt---

Celia. If it were not for your preſence, ſweet Captain, I ſhould ſay more——

Bell.

Bell. 'Tis time to appear. This young fellow will have 'em both elſe. [Bell. *and* Wild. *appear.*

Wild. What at Wars, Lady? You are a happy Man, Captain.

Bell. And a brisk one at Women, I ſee that.

Mrs. Gripe. So, ſo: We that come from the Camp are pretty well ſet, and are ſeldom over-baſhful——

Bell. I ſee, Madam, you can be gracious to the Captain, though you are cruel to me.

Celia. What becauſe I ſhew a little outward Civility. Though really, he is the prettieſt Gentleman I ever ſaw. But Captain, as we were ſaying——

Bell. Very fine.

Wild. I ſee you are moſt infinitely taken with the Captain: But I cannot get a good look of you——

Chlo. Lord! that you ſhould ſay ſo: Would not you have one well-bred to a ſtranger? But Captain, you were ſaying ſomething to me even now——

Bell. This is excellent---I ſee we muſt rout the Captain, or loſe the Wenches.

Wild. Pox on all theſe whiffling young Officers! all the Whores run mad after 'em; and a good ſubſtantial ſolid Whoremaſter cannot keep one in quiet for 'em.

Enter Sir Humphrey.

Sir Humph. Captain, your humble Servant——
There's a Collation, and ſome Bottles waiting for you, and my Friends, and I beg your Company——

Mrs. Gripe. I will but ſee how my two new Souldiers are diſpos'd of, and I'll wait on you. Do not ſtay for me, I beſeech you——

Sir Humph. Ladies! do you retire; there will be Drinking.

Chlo. Your Servant, ſweet Captain.

Celia. Your humble Servant, good Captain—[*Ex. all but Mrs.* Gripe.]

Mrs. Gripe. What ſhall I do amongſt 'em; I cannot drink: yet I have a great Curioſity to ſee what it is that charms men to ſit up whole Nights at eating Houſes and Taverns.

Enter Phillis *with a Note.*

Phill. Sweet Captain, I have no time to ſtay, nor dare I be ſeen

alone with you; but That will tell you something, which I might blush to speak---Farewell—— [*Ex.* Phillis.

Mrs. Gripe. Most excellent Women! what's this, another Conquest? hah--- [*Reads.*

That I was extreamly surpriz'd at the sight of you, This Paper will sufficiently prove; for could I have resisted your Charms, you had never seen it: But now I am afraid you have the pow'r to make me entirely Yours, *Phillis.*

What a Farce will this be when I am discover'd? Poor Wenches, how miserably I shall disappoint 'em—— [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Humphrey, Bellamy, Wildman, *Sir* Christopher, Blunderbus, *and* Heildebrand. *A Banquet. Table and Wine.*

Sir Humph. Come on, Sir *Christopher*! are you ready for a Bottle?

Sir Chr. Ready! I warrant you! I have lain rough and recruited. I need less baiting for the Journey than a Carrier's Horse. Give me a Glass in my right hand.

Sir Humph. Sit all—— [*All sit down.*

Sir Chr. Come faith, let's be all very merry, and roar extremely.

Enter Mrs. Gripe, *and Sergeant.*

Sir Humph. Take your course; Captain, your most humble Servant. Sir *Christopher*, this is the Captain you heard of.

Sir Chr. I honour him, and here's his Health in a Bumper---

Mrs. Gripe. Sir *Humphrey*, I must desire my Liberty. Wine does not agree with me, I never drink hard.

Sir Humph. Every Gentleman is free in my House.

Sir Chr. Hey! we shall have fine work indeed. What a Devil, a Captain, and cannot Drink? Can you Whore?

Mrs. Gripe. So, so---well enough for a young Beginner.

Sir Chr. Not Drink! 'Sheart! a man is not fit for a Captain that cannot Drink. Shall I ask you a question?

Mrs. Gripe. Yes.

Sir Chr. Can you Fight?

Sir Humph. Hold good Sir *Christopher*, no Bullying here——

Mrs. Gripe. You had best try, if you dare: Death! what a question was that! What Scoundrel art thou that askest such a question? This Company preserves thy life.

Sir Chr. I have done, I have done: Ha, *Heildebrand*! he's damn'd stout, I believe.

Mrs.

Mrs. Gripe. I could tell Thee Actions I have been in, would freeze thy blood to hear of! Fight---quoth a! Can'ſt thou fight up to the knees in blood? and at Midnight with no light but what Guns make, with Shot like hail about thy ears, clamber over mountains of dead Bodies, and fight thy way to a General's Tent, and bring the General Priſoner through all his *Mirmidons*? hah———

Sir Chr. Sir, I beg your Pardon, I believe it. He's a plaguy ſtout fellow.

Mrs. Gripe. 'Tis not your beſt way to queſtion it. Can you lead your Souldiers up to a wall, and ſcale it, when Bullets, melted Pitch and Sulphur rain upon you? Fight! the man ne'r lived that ask'd me yet that queſtion!

Sir Chr. 'Sheart, hee'l cut my Throat---Sir, I beg your Pardon, I ſay———

Sir Humph. Come Captain, 'Tis enough: fall on upon this Collation, and we'll have a *Chanſon à boire* to compoſe the matter.

Mrs. Gripe. With all my heart.

Sir Humph. Some Muſick! Sing me a Song———

A Drinking SONG.

LEt the daring Adventurers be toſs'd on the Main,
And for Riches no dangers decline;
Though with hazard the ſpoils of both Indies *they gain,*
They can bring us no Treaſure like Wine.

Enough of ſuch Wealth would a Beggar enrich,
And ſupply greater wants in a King;
'Twould ſooth all the Griefs in a comfortleſs Wretch,
And inſpire weeping Captives to Sing.

There is none that groans under a burdenſom life,
If this ſoveraign Balſom he gains;
This will make a man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
And of Raggs, and Diſeaſes in Chains.

It ſwells all our Veins with a kind purple flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the mind:
There's no Peaſant ſo rank, but it fills with good blood,
And to gallantry makes him inclin'd.

There's nothing our Hearts with such Joy can bewitch,
For on Earth 'tis a Pow'r that's Divine;
Without it, we're wretched tho' never so Rich,
Nor is any man Poor that has Wine.

Sir Chr. Pox! This is a pretty Musical business; but this will not make a man merry---I'll sing you a Song: Fill the Glasses first. Come on, When I sing Down, down, Then you must all drink---

SONG.

I Love some body, I love no body,
Some body, no body dearly:
I love some body, &c.
Be she black, or be she brown,
She's the best in all the Town,
So she keep her Belly down.
Down, down, down down:
There's no fault to be found,
So she keep her Belly down.

Hah! I think this is well, hah!

Mrs. Gripe. A very merry fellow---Give me thy hand.

Sir Chr. I am your most humble Servant to command---I love a brave fellow with my heart.

Mrs. Gripe. Come on, I have provided some Entertainment instead of a Dance—you shall see my two new Souldiers Exercis'd—fetch 'em in Serjeant--- [*Exit Serj.*

Sir Humph. You have found out an admirable way to plague an old cowardly Usurer, to make a Souldier of him——

Mrs. Gripe. I warrant I shall plague him e're I have done with him.

Wild. This is an excellent Trick found out for 'em.

Enter Serjeant, with Gripe *and* Richard.

Gripe. Well, There's Law, Sir---yet---I say.

Mrs. Gripe. 'Sheart, does he talk of Law agen? Knock him o'th' head.

Gripe. Hold, hold, I say no more——

Mrs. Gripe. Next Tide he takes Boat, and away for *Flanders.*

Sir Chr. Oh! honest *Gripe!* Art thou turn'd Souldier? Thou art a good hopeful Musketeer of thy age.

Blund.

Blund. A very pretty old Fellow, and ſtands luſtily under a Muſket.

Heild. A brave old Souldier, i'faith! Can'ſt thou ſtare a Cannon in the face?

Gripe. What's that to you, you Coxcombs----Well, I ſhall out-live this, Rogues; and all this may turn to my profit in the end.

Mrs. Gripe. Order your Arms--- [*They Poiſe their Muskets.*
Did you ever ſee ſuch dull Raſcals? order your arms thus, ſet 'em down—Take that to make you remember another time. [*She canes 'em.*

Gripe. I muſt ſuffer! there's no remedy.

Mrs. Gripe. Poiſe your Muskets.

Rich. What a Devil muſt we do now?

Mrs. Gripe. Poiſe your Muskets thus, you Raſcals—
Pox on you for dull Rogues. [*Strikes 'em agen.*

Gripe. Well, ſo we do: What a Devil wou'd you have?

Mrs. Gripe. What with both hands?

Serj. In one hand, thus.

Rich. Well, thus then?

Mrs. Gripe. Shoulder. [*They put 'em on the wrong ſhoulder.*

Serj. That's the wrong ſhoulder---

Mrs. Gripe. On the other ſhoulder! ye Blockheads, you have leſs ſence than Statues——

Gripe. Ay---I am ſo dull, you had better let me go——

Mrs. Gripe. I'll make you do it---Shoulder, I ſay. March.

Gripe. I thank you Sir,---with all my heart---that---we will march—— { *They lay their Muskets down, and offer to go out.*

Rich. We'll march well enough, I warrant you.

Mrs. Gripe. Is that your marching? Take up your Arms, Rogues, I'll run you through elſe---take 'em up I ſay—— [*She canes 'em.*

Gripe. Well---well---what a Devil would you have? Did you not bid us march?

Mrs. Gripe. I'll make you march againſt the mouth of a Cannon, before I have done.

Gripe. O damn'd Tyrant, I muſt try to compound with him.

Sir Humph. This is admirable Diſcipline indeed, Captain.

Enter Steward.

Stew. Sir *Chriſtopher*, Mr. *Blunderbus* and *Heildebrand*, take care, and ſhift for your ſelves. There are Threeſcore Bailiffs waiting for you in the Street, and they have beſet the Houſe round, that there is no poſſibility of eſcaping——

Sir

Sir Chr. O Heav'n! what ſhall I do? if I be once carried to Goal, I ſhall lye and rot there. Hold, let me ſee——.

Blund. We ſhall ſtarve if we go to Priſon——

Heild. Let us think of ſome way, They are too many for us to beat.

Sir Chr. Captain, if you would but do us the favour to ſend for three Red Coats, and own us to be your Souldiers, we may eſcape.

Blund. A rare way.

Heild. An excellent way; good Captain favour us.

Mrs. Gripe. My Footmen have a Bundle of red Coats here; but I cannot in Honour paſs you for my Souldiers, unleſs you be ſo---if you will take each a Shilling of me and be liſted, you may; otherwiſe I can do you no good.

Sir Chr.
Blund. } With all our hearts.
Heild.

Mrs. Gripe. There's 12 *d.* a peice, Serjeant take their Names—— I ſhall order them too—I'll teach 'em to roar and bully up and down the Town. Get their Coats and Bandeleers on.

Rich. Come on Comrades, fellow Souldiers, give me your hands all---The more the merrier.

Sir Chr. How now ſaucy Rogue---Do you long very much for a broken---head---

Sir Humph. You may command all my Houſe, and I beg of you to make it your own while you ſtay in *England.*

Mrs. Gripe. I give you humble thanks.

Sir Chr. So---how do theſe Accoutrements become us?

Bell. Oh rarely---you are the feirceſt Souldiers I have ſeen.

Sir Chr. Now, noble Captain, we'll march under your Command.

Gripe. A Souldier muſt I be? Here's company for the Devil.

Mrs. Gripe. Come! we'll go into the Court-yard: There I'll exerciſe ye, and ſend for the Head-Bailiff, and let him know ye are my Souldiers.

Sir Chr. Very well, I vow, that will do rarely---

Sir Humph. Come Gentlemen, in the mean time, we'll to the Women; your Servant, Captain.

Mrs. Gripe. Your Servant: Was ever deſign ſo well begun, and ſo hopefully carried on? They all take me for my Twin-Brother.

Serj. I that know you both, don't wonder at it.

Mrs. Gripe. Come Souldiers March---March, I ſay--- [*Ex. Omnes.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT.

ACT. V.

Enter Sir Humphrey, Bellamy, Wildman.

Bell. PRithee, Sir *Humphrey*, let's not leave off our Debauch, but drink on: we have juſt wound our ſelves up, and tun'd our Inſtruments, and now we give over playing.

Wild. 'Tis unreaſonable---I would as ſoon turn my back upon a Woman I was in love with, juſt as I had gotten her conſent, or run away when a Battel were firſt joyn'd, as leave my Bottle now.

Sir Humph. I do confeſs I am an *Epicurean* in this, and in every thing. I'd go no further than the pleaſing of my Senſes: I would have juſt ſo much Wine, as would give me an Appetite to Woman, and juſt ſo much Woman, as would give me a deſire to Wine.

Bell. After a Bottle and a half, the man that ſays Conſider, is my Foe.

Wild. This has but rais'd me———

You only Court, and keep a pother
To make me Gameſome for another.

Sir Humph. Faith Gentlemen--We have had the beſt of our ſelves; we have drawn off the Spirit, and nothing but the Lees remain.

Bell. We have but juſt kindled the fire and you would put it out.

Sir Humph. Rather than that ſhould put me out——

Wild. No; 'twill make our Souls burn clearer. Do but conſider, that none but Fools are merry without Wine, ſuch unthinking Coxcombs as are extreamly pleas'd with their own fooliſh perſons.

Bell. But the thinking man comes to good ſence, and that pulls him back in the height of his Career, and makes us think what frail Engines we are: But Wine makes us even with the Coxcombs, merry and pleas'd with our ſelves.

Sir Humph. A man of ſence is content, becauſe he muſt make the beſt of a bad Market; but Fools are never truly pleas'd, they find themſelves deſpis'd by thoſe they really admire; for Wit is an Idol of all; and Fools only hate witty men, as a poor man does a rich one.

Bell. I know not whether they're pleas'd; but they laugh and make a noiſe, as if they were merry.

Sir Humph. So Children that are afraid of Spirits ſing and make a noiſe in the dark, but are deviliſhly afraid for all that; and Coxcombs are damnably dull and ſad for all their laughing; and even when

when they drink, They have the Pain, but never the pleasure of Drunkenness.

Wild. A man would think Coxcombs the sereneſt Animals breathing; yet sure if they be happy, they are so for ought they know---

Bell. Pox on 'em, let 'em be what they will: but nothing but Wine can make us merry; and therefore to our *Celery* again.

Sir Humph. We Northern people that want the Sun without, ought indeed to put good store of Wine, and create a Sun within us.

Wild. That's right, to our *Celery* again, I say,

Sir Humph. 'Tis pleasant while it is Flood within us; but we shall Ebb, and grow dull standing Water after a little while.

Bell. Prithee don't think to similize us out of our Bottles——

Sir Humph. Nay, if you be resolv'd, you shall find me Coy no longer——

Wild. I knew he would come to it at last: But thou art such a Jilting Drunkard——

Sir Humph. Let's in then, if you will not, let me take the air a little.

Bell. Air! Open the Window, and take it that way——

Enter Steward.

Stew. I bring you News that will stop you in your Career of mirth——I can scarce tell it you for weeping.

Sir Humph. What means the fellow——

Stew. I little thought to live to see this day——

Sir Humph. Pox o' your Formality! out with your dismal News---

Stew. All your Land in *Essex* is extended by your Creditors. And your Furniture the richest in the County all seiz'd upon.

Sir Humph. What says the Fool?——

Stew. Would you had taken the Fool's counsel, it had not been so. I remember when my old Master purchas'd it, and little thought I should have seen it go out of the Family; and now there is no remedy; for all the Land you had free, you have this day setled upon your Mistress---Whore. [*Aside.*

Sir Humph. 'Sdeath is this true thou tellest me?

Stew. Too true, would Heav'n it were not; your Bailiff who is turn'd out of Possession, is come up with the News: And all this Money is run out to Rogues, from whom you have taken up Commodities upon Judgments; most of which you sold agen for half value——

Sir

Sir Humph. This is ſurprizing News! what a damp it has ſtruck upon me---I begin to come to my ſelf now.

Stew. Many a good *Chriſtmas* has my old Maſter kept there, and muſt it now be parted from his Family——

Sir Humph. Gentlemen, my Friends---if you would oblige me ſo much as to be bound with me for a Sum of Money to ſtop theſe ravenous Creditors mouths for the preſent, I will ſell my Timber, and redeem my Houſe and Land afterwards, and ſecure you in the mean time.

Bell. How Sir! be Bound—hum—your Steward ſays, you have no Land to give Counter-Security with——I ſhould be glad to ſerve you——

Wild. I'll venture my life for you, whenever you command me; but for being Bound you muſt excuſe me. I have taken an Oath againſt that: beſides, if I would, you cannot give Counter-Security——

Sir Humph. So! This is the world, I find; yet I could not have believ'd the Companions of all my Pleaſures and Extravagancies could have thus deſerted me—I thank you Gentlemen, for clearing my Underſtanding. 'Tis time to be Sober now: Well——I will try ſome ſudden way; A deſperate ill, muſt have a deſperate cure—Farewel. [*Exit Sir* Humphrey.

Stew. So---What is become now of my Employment? 'tis not worth above ſix hours purchaſe. That I ſhould live till now.——[*Ex. Steward.*

Bell. So here ends all our Revelling in this Houſe: This is a ſudden turn.

Wild. Beyond my expectation! what a Coxcomb he was to run out thus!

Bell. Indeed, I never thought he had much in him; he had but ordinary Sence at the beſt; but this was ſuch a Folly, I am aſham'd of him.

Wild. We muſt e'n leave his Company; but this Wench *Celia* runs in my mind. I muſt have her at any rate: tho' I keep---

Bell. I am in the ſame condition; and if we do keep we muſt watch 'em from young Officers; or they'l run devilliſhly aſtray elſe.

Wild. Whatever theſe Officers do abroad—I am ſure they are always invading the Territories of the Keepers at home——

Bell. Tho' they are in a friends Countrey, they will make Excurſions for forrage of that kind---But let us ſeek out theſe pretty Whores—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Gripe *and* Celia.

Mrs. Gripe. 'Slife! what ſhall I do? theſe Wenches will overrun me.

Celia. Dear Captain, I muſt confeſs for all my Modeſty, that I am tranſported at the Aſſurance which you give me of having your Love---I am not aſham'd to ſay, You are the firſt that ever won my heart, and ſhall be the laſt to whom I e'r will give it.

Mrs. Gripe. And 'tis a Treaſure I will never part with: Come ſeal the Promiſe with a kiſs.

Celia. O! thou ſweet Creature. I can deny thee nothing.

Mrs. Gripe. We are ſo vexed with that troubleſome Creature, *Chloris*, who watches us.

Celia. This Houſe is large, and in the Evening! if you'l meet in the farther end of the long Gallery. There is a Room where we may diſcourſe further of our Love.

Mrs Gripe. Diſcourſe! I hate Diſcourſe, I am too vigorous for that---I ſhall ſo—kiſs thee there——

Celia. Well! Thou art a pretty Rogue, I vow---

Enter Chloris.

Chlo. How, kiſſing her!

Celia. Yonder's that envious Creature: Farewel, at Eight in the Gallery--- [*Ex.* Celia.

Mrs. Gripe. Oh my dear ſweet one, now that malicious Woman's gone, I can tell thee how I love thee.

Chlo. Me! what did you kiſs her for then?

Mrs. Gripe. The poor thing is ſo fond, ſhe would kiſs me; but I ſhall make ſuch an Aſs of her.

Chlo. Nay! will you though, dear Captain?

Mrs. Gripe. Will I? why, I hate her Perſon and Conditions: Methinks ſhe's ugly.

Chlo. Indeed, I think ſhe is not handſom, that's the ſhort and the long on't.

Mrs. Gripe. Handſom! Thou art an Angel to her! Oh how I love thy Beauty and thy Shape—— [*Kiſſes and touſes her.*

Chlo. Nay! be quiet now—I vow you make me bluſh——

Mrs. Gripe. Oh dear Rogue! That I were in bed with Thee and the Candles out, and bluſh what thou could'ſt.

Chlo.

Chlo. Well, I cannot help telling of you, you are the prettieſt Man I ever ſaw.

Mrs. Gripe. Thou know'ſt not half that's in me! we are watch't now---But meet me at the farther end of the long Gallery this Night at Eight, and you ſhall find me a Lion ——

Chlo. And you would have me your Lamb then. Well, I'll meet and venture——Here comes Madam *Phillis*——Farewel. [*Exit* Chloris.

Enter Phillis.

Mrs. Gripe. Here's another! No Mortal Captain could tell what to do with theſe Three: (As gad ſave me) 'tis unreaſonable.

Phill. Sweet Captain, I have bluſh't ſufficiently at the little Billet I gave you; I ſcarce have Confidence enough to ſee you after it.

Mrs. Gripe. Dear fair one, If you had not reſolv'd to ſee me, your Letter had been in vain; if I could tell you my Tranſport at the reading of it, I ſhould be more Eloquent than Sir *Formal* himſelf.

Phill. Can you forgive my Confidence?

Mrs. Gripe. I am ſure 'tis ſo much to my advantage, that I ſhould never have forgiven your Baſhfulſulneſs.

Phill. This is exceſs of Generoſity.

Mrs. Gripe. Baſhfulneſs in Love! you prevented me, or you ſhou'd have ſeen I was not baſhful.

Phill. But that I fear'd your ſudden Departure for *Flanders*, you ſhould have learn't my Love from other Signs——

Mrs. Gripe. Depart for *Flanders!* while my dear Mrs. is here! It cannot be; I'll this Night give up my Commiſſion.

Phill. My Dear! you are not ſure in earneſt?

Mrs. Gripe. Upon my Honour, Madam---I am. Sir *Humphrey* has made me promiſe him to lye here this Night: My Chamber is at the farther end of the Gallery, at Eight if you'l meet me there, I'll ſhew you I am in earneſt; by this Kiſs I will!

Phill. Sure there's Witchcraft in you, that you ſhould charm me thus.

Mrs. Gripe. I confeſs 'tis ungrateful, Sir *Humphrey* has ſo oblig'd me——

Phill. Ne'r think on that; who ſhall tell him? I fear we are watch't---Farewel---at Eight--- [*Ex.* Phillis.

Mrs. Gripe. Good conſtant Turtles theſe kept Ladies are, I'll ſay that for 'em: And good charitable publick ſpirited men the Keepers to maintain women, as they wear Perfumes for the uſe of others--

Enter Serjeant.

Oh Serjeant! what effect of your Negotiation with my Husband?

Serj. Very little; for when I told him my Captain's Propoſals to have the 3000 *l.* his Siſter brought, paid back, or 400 *l.* a year ſeperate maintenance, he ſtarted, ſtamp'd and ſtar'd like a man diſtracted: He bid me knock him on the head, ſhoot him---cut his Throat, or what I would---I had better do it, then give him ſuch Words---

Mrs. Gripe. Indeed that was very ill language to give him.

Serj. I told him at laſt, there was no other Compoſition to be made, but he muſt this Tide for *Flanders*; and you would take all the care that could be to put him upon ſuch deſperate Actions as might bring him to be knock't o'th' head, and that if he did not meet death that way, he ſhould be ſure to have it from my Captain's hand, for the Injuries he had done his Siſter: I left him Curſing, and in Deſpair.

Mrs. Gripe. 'Tis a great queſtion whether he had rather dye, or part with the Money: But I'll try one Experiment more, and if I cannot get it by Stratagem, away he goes with my Brother to *Flanders*: And my laſt refuge ſhall be open Force, I'll e'n take poſſeſſion of his Writings, and rob him: I'll exerciſe him firſt, and ſwinge my Bullies too. Have you a File of Muſqueteers ready in caſe of Reſiſtance?

Serj. I have.

Mrs. Gripe. Come on—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Humphrey *and* Phillis.

Sir Humph. I have found you out, to confer with you about ſomething that concerns our Honour, and our Love.

Phill. And I am to tell you of ſomething that concerns my Honour, and your want of Love.

Sir Humph. How Madam?

Phill. Do you think I am to be valu'd at the rate of the ordinary ill-bred kept things of the Town.

Mrs. Gripe. I have not valued you ſo! What does ſhe mean?

Phill. You muſt know Sir---I look upon my ſelf to be in a manner your Lady—

Sir Humph. Very well---I have been a fine Coxcomb.

Phill. And do you imagine that I, who am in a manner your Lady will ſuffer ſuch Debauchery and Wickedneſs in my Houſe?

Sir Humph. How long has it been your Houſe?

Phill.

Phill. Since yesterday; and 'tis as much mine, as if it had descended from my Ancestors these 500 years.

Sir Humph. To whose bounty do you owe it?

Phill. To no bounty; I owe it to my own Beauty, and those Charms that made you settle it on me, and my Faith and Constancy has deserv'd it fully——

Sir Humph. Most excellent!

Phill. Shall I throw away the flow'r of all my youth, and resist all the temptations of the fine Gentlemen about the Town, without those usual Settlements which Ladies of my Condition have: In short, I am to let you know 'tis my House, and I will have no Abominations committed here! it goes against my Conscience.

Sir Humph. So---I have parted with most part of my Estate, and Liberty to boot! Oh negligence, and want of thinking.

Phill. To have you and your lewd Companions Sotting and Drinking, and using all Licentiousness. But above all, to have Whores brought into my House too! such filthy Creatures, whom you know I hate with all my heart: it melts me into tears to think on't---

Sir Humph. Be mollify'd, good Madam; I hope the Sin you speak of is not so great; for your sake——

Phill. Do you think I will dishonour my self any longer, to suffer those little ill-bred Kept-things, *Celia* and *Chloris*, to come to my House? No! your Sisters and your Mother shall be welcom to me; provided they give me that respect which is due to me: I intend to visit and keep Company with none but Persons of Quality——

Sir Humph. Pray Madam, who is it that has kept you?

Phill. My Beauty, and my Merit; not your Bounty——

Sir Humph. And are not you a Tailor's Daughter?

Phill. My Fortune makes me of a good Family, and you must know, Sir——I have been kept so long, that I look upon my self as your Lady now.

Sir Humph. See the damn'd Insolence and Unreasonableness of these Creatures call'd Whores; if a man keeps 'em from starving one year, they'd plague a man ever after. If I mistake not, you have told me that you lov'd me.

Phill. Yes, till your wicked Courses have provok'd me beyond all measure! and therefore pray consider of it, and give me an answer, if you resolve to persist---pray quit my House. Farewel— [*Ex.* Phillis.

Sir Humph. O damn'd Whore! I have a way to circumvent thee though: I must plague my self to punish Thee— [*Ex.* *Sir* Humph.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Gripe, *Serjeant*, Gripe, Richard, *Sir* Chriſtopher, Heildebrand *and* Blunderbus.

Mrs. Gripe. Come! Where are my Souldiers? I muſt loſe no time, but exerciſe you often; for we ſhall enter upon Action as ſoon as we come in *Flanders*——

Gripe. I am not for *Flanders*, nor any Action; but Actions upon the Caſe.

Mrs. Gripe. Heart! does he mutter? Tye him neck and heels quickly——

Gripe. Hold, hold—you'l ſtifle me. I am ſo ſtiff I cannot bend. Hold, I ſay, I will obey.

Sir Chr. Come Captain, you have done enough with us; now you have own'd us before the Bailiffs. Let us go, we'll go to the *Temple* or *Alſacia* for refuge till the Buſineſs be over.

Blund. Good Bully Captain, you over-acted your Part, and laid on too hard before the Bailiffs tho'---let me tell you that.

Heild. You broke my head; I do not uſe to put it up, but upon this occaſion.

Mrs. Gripe. I muſt keep ſtrict Diſcipline amongſt my Souldiers, you ſhall find that was nothing.

Sir Chr. 'Tis no matter, let that paſs; but now Captain, let's be in earneſt, and go you along and ſup with us in *White-Fryers*, we'll have Fiddles and Whores to entertain you, and roar like Dragons, and be as merry and as mad as Lightning.

Be ſhe black, or be ſhe brown,
She's the beſt in all the Town.

How now, old Fool? How do you like a Souldier's life?

Mrs. Gripe. Come Gentlemen, no fooling; you have receiv'd the King's Money, and his Cloaths, and I will make you know you are my Souldiers---Stand to your Arms all!

Sir Chr. Hah——What a Devil does he ſay?

Mrs. Gripe. Handle your Arms, all: Dam'me! what am I diſobey'd? [*Cudgels 'em.*

Sir Chr. 'Sheart! my Head and Shoulders! prithee Captain leave fooling. What a Devil, are you mad?

Mrs. Gripe. Death! Handle your Arms all---I'll make you know your Officer. [*Cudgels 'em agen.*

Heild. Ounds! if you ſtrike agen, I'll draw——

Blund. Out comes Porker, if you ſtrike once more.

Sir Chr.

Sir Chr. Prithee Captain leave off, you have carried on the Frollick long enough.

Mrs. Gripe. Nay then have at you! Muſqueteers make ready.

[*Enter a file of Muſqueteers.*

Sir Chr. Make ready? ha! what a Devil do you mean?

Mrs. Gripe. Preſent.

Sir Chr. Hold! hold! I'll obey.

Blund. } Hold, hold—we'll obey.
Heild. }

Mrs. Gripe. 'Sdeath you Dogs, no trifling with me! ſhall ſuch Raſcals as you think it enough to be Drunk, and Swagger, beat Bawds, kick Drawers, ſquabble with Conſtables and Watches, break Windows, and triumph in Drunken Brawls and Street-quarrels, and never ſerve your Countrey?—If you have Valour, I'll make you turn it that way.

Sir Chr. Good Captain, we did not think you would have us'd us thus! we did not intend to be Soldiers; we only deſir'd to be protected by you—for this preſent Occaſion—

Mrs. Gripe. What e'r you intended, my Company is not compleat, and I'll make you know you are the King's Soldiers now—— I ſhall protect no Raſcally Poultroons—if any thing can do't—do bravely, and your valour may defend you; Death! ſhall ſuch idle lazy Scoundrels bully, and roar and boaſt of drunken bloodleſs quarrels here at Home—While we lye hard, ſuffer weary marches, and fight all in blood, for our Country abroad, hah!——

Sir Chr. Very fine! we have brought our ſelves into a pretty Condition.

Blund. Pox on your Project, we had as good have been in the Bailiffs hands.

Heild. This damn'd Captain—has ten Bullies in him——

Sir Chr. Who the Devil—would have thought it? a little pitiful fellow—I thought I could have beaten two of him——

Mrs. Gripe. Ground your Arms.

Sir Chr. Thank you, good Captain, with all my heart; ſhaw! Pox. I knew he did this but to try us. Come, all's well now——

Mrs. Gripe. Tye 'em neck and heels inſtantly.

Sir Chr. Nay, prithee Captain don't fool with us any more now.

Mrs. Gripe. Serjeant, ſee it done.

Serj You ſhall find 'tis no fooling—— } *He with the Muſqueteers*
Sir Chr. Why Captain, what a Devil? } *tye them neck and heels.*

Blund. What a Pox!

Heild. Is the Devil in you?

Mrs.

Mrs. Gripe. This is for example: Next mutiny I'll hang ye!

Gripe. Now Rogues and Bullies, why don't you ſing and roar now? How do you like Soldiers lives now?

Rich. Why look you, Comrades, This 'tis to want experience in your Duty! you muſt learn to ride the wooden Horſe, once or twice a day too.

Sir Chr. Why Captain---good Captain.

Blund. Captain, Zounds, Captain.

Heild. Why Captain---Death and Heart——

Mrs. Gripe. No remorſe yet! What you old Villain, you are reſolv'd not to do my Siſter Right, and return her Portion, or ſettle her Jointure on her preſently——

Gripe. Ounds! part with 3000 *l.* I had rather dye.

Mrs. Gripe. And that by Heav'n thou ſhalt do; nay more, ſhe ſhall take poſſeſſion of thy Writings, thy Money, and thy Pawns; and ſatisfie her ſelf.

Gripe. How's that? That's worſt of all——

Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgooſe.

Sir Nich. Oh Gentlemen! where are you? you are turn'd Soldiers, I hear: you have almoſt kill'd me amongſt you, and won my Money, a deuce take ye! My *Celia* will be dreadful angry, I am afraid.

Sir Chr. Rogue! we ſhall meet you.

Sir Nich. I am glad to ſee you in this Condition, now one may ſafely keep you Company.

Mrs. Gripe. How now Sirrah! who are you? a Soldier in no condition is to be laught at, by ſuch an Inſect, a Maggot as thou art.

Sir Nich. A Maggot! an Inſect---I am a Knight, Sir.

Mrs. Gripe. You are a Raſcal, Sir! take that —— [*Cudgels him.*

Sir Nich. Nay! I have done, Captain,---if you be angry, I beg your Pardon, I am going to find out my Miſtreſs, Farewell, Sir—I am ſure they have made me cruel Sick, a poiſe take 'em. [*Ex. Sir* Nich.

Blund. } Good Captain, let us be unty'd! we'll obey——
Heild. }

Sir Chr. Prithee dear Captain do—I will be correſpondent to command, and be a gentle Spirit.

Mrs. Gripe. Unty 'em—— *They unty 'em.*

This is call'd a Receipt to tame a Bully---I ſhall ſhow you there's more than roaring goes to true Valour: Come, Handle your Arms——

[*They handle their Arms.*

Poiſe your Muſquets—awkard Raſcals! Shoulder

Shoulder all——Now, Puppy, the wrong ſhoulder, Sot. [*To Sir* Chr. Reſt your Arms.

To the Right---Now old fool, can you not tell your right hand from your left yet?

Gripe. What will become of me? I cannot bear this! Heav'n deliver me from this damn'd Tyrant; my Wife will rob me too, that's worſt of all——

Rich. You are the ſtrangeſt awkard old Fellow, Comrade, that ever I ſaw——learn of me——

Mrs. Gripe. To the right! to the right! now Raſcal you are to the left.

Sir Chr. Well, well---what a Devil would you have?

Mrs. Gripe. To the left, to the left! ſo, ſo---Now march---very well---you will come on I ſee in time---Serjeant, March 'em to their Quarters here in this Houſe; and ſet a Sentinel over every one of 'em.

Serj. I will Captain. Come march—— [*They march after the Serj.*

Mrs. Gripe. I do not find that this old Fellow mollifies at all; yet I'll try one Experiment more upon him, and if he relents not, my Brother carries him in earneſt. [*Exit Mrs.* Gripe.

Enter Chloris.

Chlo. 'Tis Eight a clock, ſure the Captain's come by this time! I hope I have not made him ſtay---'Tis very dark—— [*Enter* Celia.

Celia. It has ſtruck Eight, where is this dear, ſweet Captain---I hope he is punctual to his aſſignation——

Chlo. Ha--I hear a noiſe of ſome body---who's there?

Celia. 'Tis I, my Dear!

Chlo. Where are you? [*Both grope about.*

Celia. Here! Give me your hand——

Chlo. Oh my ſweet Captain. } *Both together.*
Celia. Dear, dear Captain. }

Celia. Ha! who's this, a Woman?

Chlo. Heav'n what's this, a Gown and Petticoat?

Celia. Mercy upon me, who are you?

Chlo. What's that to you, I will not tell you, a malicious Slut, to watch me and ſpoil my Aſſignation——

Celia. Oh! Thou poor envious Fool, Thou expect to meet the Captain, I know thee—Vengeance on this Fool——

Chlo. Yes! and ſo do I you; and wonder you ſhould be ſuch a Fool to expect the Captain: He meet ſuch a one as Thee?

Enter Phillis.

Phill. This is the place and time of meeting, now for my pretty dear Captain.

Celia. Thee! poor inconſiderable Creature! He laughs at Thee to my knowledge.

Chlo. Did he tell you ſo?

Celia. Yes, he did—he ſcorns Thee for thy Folly, and loaths Thee for thy Perſon.

Chlo. Thou bely'ſt him! He ſcorns thy words! my Perſon! 'tis another---gueſs Perſon than thine: I'd have thee to know I am ſure he hates Thee.

Phill. 'Slife I have ſcap'd a fine diſcovery of my ſelf to theſe two Wenches. They are my Rivals, and are quarreling for the Captain here.

Chlo. I wonder at thy Confidence, to think the Captain ſhould meet thee! He appointed me to meet him at this time here, about a little Buſineſs——

Celia. A little Buſineſs---I know your Buſineſs---but he has no ſuch Intention---prithee Impudence begon, he appointed me to meet him here, where I was to confer with him, without being troubled with Thee——

Chlo. You confer!

Phill. What ſay They---This muſt be falſe---They are conceited! Vain Sluts! I am ſure he would meet none but me---I'll rout 'em out of my Houſe, I am ſure——

Chlo. If I could ſee thee, I'd pull thy eyes out——

Celia. Fool begon---I laugh at Thee.

Phill. How ſhall I ſend 'em away, and get the Captain to my Self?

Celia. I hear ſome body! Who's there---Captain---my Dear!

Chlo. Thy Dear---here am I, Captain.

Phill. I am the Devil come to meet you both--- [*In a big Voice.*

Chlo. Oh Lord.

Celia. Help—— [*Shreik and run to get out.*

Enter Sir Humphrey, *with a Candle, and a Parſon with him.*

Sir Humph. How now! what's the matter here?

Phill. Oh unlucky time! muſt he come too! Nothing my Dear, but I play'd the Rogue, and frighted theſe two in the dark.

Celia. Am I diſcover'd to her---oh miſchief—— *Ex.* Celia. *Chlo.*

Chlo. Muſt ſhe over-hear me. I could have born the other down, if ſhe had Spoken of it—— [*Exit* Chlo.

Sir Humph. Since you are grown ſo pious--I have brought a Learned Churchman to confer with you about a Caſe of Conſcience, I have been in every Room in the Houſe to find you out, pray come along with me——

Phill. I obey. [*Ex. Sir* Humph. *Parſon*, Phillis.

Enter Gripe *and* Richard, *Mrs.* Gripe *in Womans habit, a Manteau, a Petticoat, and a Hood.*

Gripe. Oh Heav'n and Earth! is the perfidious Jade my Wife here? were ever two ſo like in Face and Nature, as theſe accurs'd Twins—

Mrs. Gripe. My Dear, look not ſo ſtrangely on me---for I am ſadly ſenſible of my own raſhneſs, and your great Injuries from my cruel Brother.

Gripe. What's the meaning of this--I will, if poſſible, make uſe of her to get my liberty, and if I can get her home to me, I'll murder her——

Mrs. Gripe. I am come full of Sorrow and Repentance, having been at my Brother's Lodging ever ſince the moment of my Eſcape; and not hearing of your uſage till now---if you will pardon me, I will propound ſome means for your Liberty, and go home and ſubmit wholly to your pleaſure——

Gripe. My deareſt Wife! now thou art thy ſelf agen---I ſhall be tranſported to receive thee into my Arms.
I think ſtrangling will be a very good Death--for her as can be---[*Aſide.*

Mrs. Gripe. Can'ſt thou forgive me, Deareſt?

Gripe. O yes, my Dear, and love thee as well as e'r I did—
Or if I ſhould run her through with my Sword, and ſay ſhe kill'd her ſelf—— [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Gripe. I would go for my Lord Chief Juſtices Warrant, and raiſe the Town, but I'd releaſe Thee; but my raſh Brother knowing what my Conjugal affections would prompt me to, when I came to ſollicit for your Liberty, he put me under the hands of his Serjeant, and I am as much confin'd as you: The time grows ſhort, and we muſt think of ſome ſudden way to prevent your Voyage——

Gripe. Dear heart! I can never reward thee enough for thy kindneſs to me---if we get home again together, thou ſhalt be as free as thou can'ſt wiſh to be——
Let me ſee, a ſmall knitting Needle under her left Arm when ſhe's aſleep, will do the buſineſs rarely—— [*Aſide.*

What can'ſt thou propound for me to do? my deareſt Heart.

Mrs. Gripe. There's no way left, but to ſeem to comply with him; for he is reſolutely bent———

Gripe. Comply! what to go for *Flanders?*

Mrs. Gripe. No---in that ſettlement he propoſes for me.

Gripe. Mercy on me! What 3000 *l.* or 400 *l.* a year ſeparate Maintenance! oh---I ſhall faint! y'have ſtruck me dead. 'Sheart! what a Sum is that?

Rich. I have a ſmall Brandy-Bottle, 'tis Soldier-like, and very Comfortable.

Mrs. Gripe. 'Tis nothing in thy Wealth.

Gripe. Nothing! Damnation! knock me o'th head, or cut my Throat--- If I ſhould ſmother her with a Bolſter, and give out ſhe dy'd of an Apoplexy! that's the moſt ſecret way I have thought on yet. [*Aſide.*

If you love me, why did you not refuſe that ſettlement?

Mrs. Gripe. I did, and told him I would not accept on't! at which he was enrag'd, and told me, though I was a Fool for my ſelf, he would not be ſo for me; he was reſolv'd you ſhould do it, or ſuffer the laſt extremity; and he's ſo inflam'd, he may for ought I know throw thee overboard in the Voyage, if thou refuſeſt.

Gripe. Let him do't: Ounds, 3000 *l.* or 400 *l.* a year! let him do't, let him do't, let him do't, I ſay.

Mrs. Gripe. Why my Dear! if thou ſign'ſt that Deed, I'll return it thee again. And be thy moſt obedient Wife.

Gripe. Poor Rogue! wilt thou? that's kind indeed; prithee kiſs me, my pretty Dear: Thou overjoy'ſt me with thy Love! Hah---I have thought on the beſt way, if I can get her home with me, I'll give her *Opium* in her drink, and that ne'r a Doctor or Chyrurgeon on 'em all can diſcover, when they open her. Ay, it ſhall be ſo!-- [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Gripe. The leaſt thing I could hear him propound, was to ſeize upon thy Jewels and thy Deeds, and ſecure 'em in a Friend's hands of his, till he had reduc'd you to comply.

Gripe. O Devil! that's worſt of all.

Mrs. Gripe. Truſt me, we are one fleſh, our intereſts are one: I ſhall reſtore Thy Deed, and be ſubject; for my Conſcience will not let me part from Thee, tho' the raſhneſs of my paſſion made me fly.

Gripe. Poor Lamb! if I had thee ſafe at home, I'd ne'r give thee Occaſion more: prithee go to thy damn'd Brother, and try to mollifie him farther, while I retire and conſider of this.

Mrs. Gripe. I will, my Dear---one kiſs firſt.

Gripe. Oh! 'tis a Dear Soul!

Well,

Well, she takes *Opium*, that's certain; for while she lives, I shall never be at rest from this Devillish Rascal her Brother.

Serj. Go into your Quarter! come Madam—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellamy, Celia, Wildman, Chloris.

Bell. If you don't find me as obsequious, and as kind a Keeper as the best of 'em——

Celia. I must confess you speak reasonably, and like a Gentleman. But I shall break Sir *Nicholas*'s heart——

Bell. You have broken his Fortune, and when that's gone, 'tis no matter for his heart.

Celia. That indeed is undeniable, and I can no longer resist those Charms which before subdu'd me.

Chlo. I must confess you speak so like a worthy person, and shew such signs of Love to me, that I cannot but think you the finest person in the world; but Sir *Christopher* will kill me if I should leave him.

Wild. Let me alone to defend the heart I gain: Besides, he's undon! a beggarly fellow, and is going a Redcoat into *Flanders*.

Chlo. Indeed he has been extravagant, and run out a great part of his Estate; and I hate a man that has run out his Fortune: I vow I do, with my heart.

Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgoose.

Sir Nich. Ah my Dear, art thou there? I am come at last to thee, pretty one.

Celia. Get you gon, you drunken Sot; you were drunk with Bullies, and lost your Watch and Ring.

Sir Nich. Why look you there, I thought what 'twould come to: As I hope to be sav'd I could not help it; They would have kill'd me if I had not drank and play'd with them, and I knew you would have been very angry, if I had been kill'd.

Celia. Get you gone, you impertinent Coxcomb! must you come and interrupt me, when I am talking with a Gentleman; have you no breeding?

Sir Nich. Well, well, say no more. I'll stand by, and wait till you have done.

Enter

Enter Sir Humphrey, Phillis, *Parſon and Steward.*

Sir Humph. Call in all my Servants. Now all this Company take notice, I am married to this Lady---Here's the Canonical Officer that executed us.

Parſ. I did Marry 'em as the Church appoints.

Bell. How Married!

Wild. To his Wench?

Sir Humph. Gentlemen, you ſeem to wonder at my proceeding! I found my ſelf involv'd on a ſudden, beyond any other redemption, and therefore choſe this, which I hope will ſet me free. This ſhepyrat had rob'd me of what my extravagance had left free, and I have taken Letters of Repriſal, and have gotten my own agen.

Bell. I wiſh you Joy.

Wild. Much happineſs to you.

Sir Humph. She is the greateſt Fortune I could have gotten, nor do I know why a Man ſhould not fit a Woman that perhaps may laſt him his life time, and yet draw on a Shoe that he is to wear but two days before he take it.

Chlo. I wiſh your Ladiſhip much Joy; 'tis a great honour to our Function to have one of it ſo advanced.

Celia. I wiſh your Ladiſhip much Happineſs--but there's no Wife lives like one of us---let me tell her that.

Enter Mrs. Gripe, *Serjeant*, Gripe, *Sir* Chriſtopher, Blunderbus *and* Heildebrand.

Mrs. Gripe. Sir *Humphrey*, I have ſudden Orders from the General to Embark this Tide with my Soldiers; I came hearing of your Marriage, to wiſh you joy, and take my leave of you——

Sir Humph. Sir, I humbly thank you, and wiſh you a good Voyage.

Wild. Now *I* deſire all this good Company to be Witneſſes to the Agreement made between me, and this Lady.

Sir Chr. What a Pox does he ſay?

Wild. It is agreed by and between the Parties above mention'd, that I am to have the ſole uſe of this Ladies Perſon, to my own proper behoof, paying the Sum of 400 *l.* a year, and buying a pretty convenient Coach and Horſes: what ſay you?

Chlo. It is a bargain.

Sir Chr. Oh damn'd confounded Jade, wilt thou leave me?

Wild.

Wild. Good words Red-Coat, or I'll cut your Throat.

Chlo. You are going for a Soldier, and leaving me.

Sir Nic. Ay! you are going for a Soldier! what would you have her do? I warrant you won't take my *Celia* at this; I'll truſt her pretty Rogue———

Sir Chr. You damn'd Impudent Raſcal! muſt you prate? Sirrah! take that.

Sir Nich. Ay! 'tis no matter, I han't loſt my Miſtreſs.

Bell. Now hear us a little: *Item*, It is articled and agreed between this Lady and me, that I am to uſe, poſſeſs and enjoy the Tenement of of her Perſon without any lett, hinderance, or moleſtation whatſoever, buying a Coach and Horſes, as aforeſaid; and paying the annual Rent of 400 *l. per annum*, of lawful Money of *England*; half yearly by true and equal portions: The firſt payment to be made at the *Temple-Hall*, at the Feaſt of the *Annunciation*, and the next at the Feaſt of St. *Michael*.

Sir Nich. Hold Sir! not ſo faſt, I forbid the Banes! ſhe's mine! why I have ſpent half my Eſtate upon her.

Bell. Stand away, poor Coxcomb! what ſay you Madam.

Celia. It is a Match.

Sir Nich. O Lord! Oh Lord! will you ſerve me ſo? what will become of me?

Celia. Go! get you home, and live civilly with your Wife; and look after your Children as an honeſt man ſhould. 'Tis time.

Sir Nich. Ay---It may thank you that I did not do it before, that it may---I will go hide my head in a hole, and ne'r be ſeen again.

Enter Mrs. Gripe, *Serjeant*, Gripe, *and the reſt.*

Mrs. Gripe. Come Serjeant! get the Barge ready.

Gripe. What a Devil ſhall I do? If I Seal that Deed, and ever get her into my Cuſtody, I'll have it again, and her life to boot.

Mrs. Gripe. Gentlemen and Ladies, your humble Servant.

Gripe. Hold, hold---If there be no remedy, I will Seal that Deed---

Mrs. Gripe. Come on then! do it, and I'll releaſe you.

[*He ſigns and ſeals.*

Gripe, I deliver this as my Act and Deed.

Mrs. Gripe. Now Gentlemen, be pleas'd to witneſs it——

Sir Humph. With all my heart—— [*Sir* Humphrey *writes.*

Mrs. Gripe. So! Now there remains another thing! you muſt releaſe theſe Gentlemen for their Riot at your Houſe, or go ſtill.

Gripe. Well---I do releaſe 'em.

Rich. Good Sir! do not releaſe me; for I muſt go home and ſtarve with him---I had better go and be kill'd with you.

Mrs.

Mrs. Gripe. No---I retain you as my Servant. And now good Mr. *Gripe*, your much abus'd Wife is free, and thanks you for her Liberty.

Gripe. O Devil! Is it ſhe all this while?

Ladies. A Woman!

Mrs. Gripe. Yes Ladies, I am; but wiſh my ſelf a Man, for your ſakes, and my own.

Sir Humph. How this Miſtake was carried?

Mrs. Gripe. I'll bring my Brother to thank you for your favours to me, and then you'l Miſtake as much.

Gripe. Am I thus Cozen'd——I'll go home, and ſtarve to Death. The Devil take you all---and ſo farewel—— [*Exit* Gripe.

Sir Chr. Cudgel'd and beaten thus damnably by a Woman! I hope *She-Captain*, you will releaſe us now——

Mrs. Gripe. Yes go---I'll have no Bullies in my Company now.

Blund. 'Sheart! were ever men ſo diſhonour'd as we!

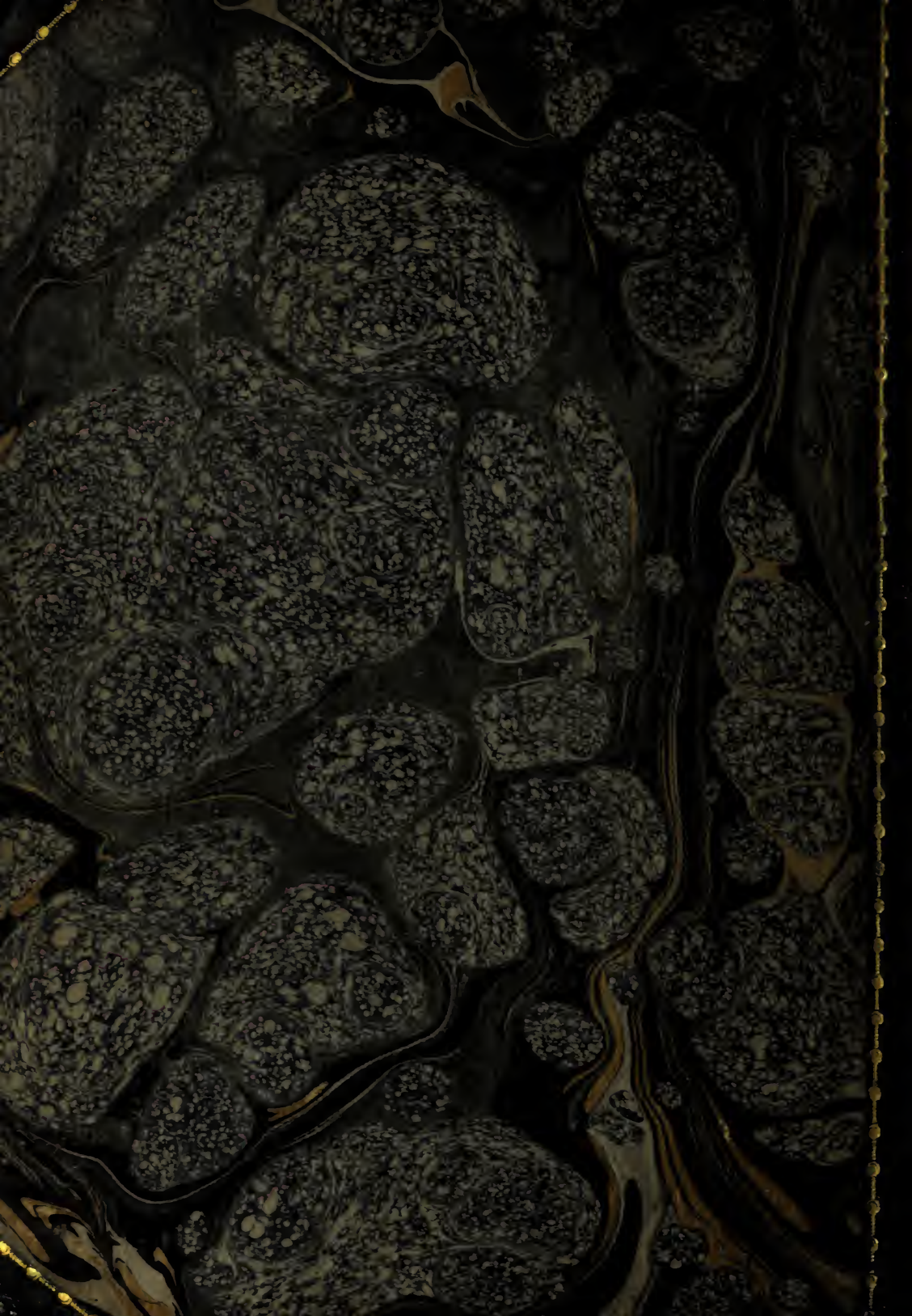
Heild. Beaten and bruis'd by a Woman!

Sir Chr. As for that damn'd Jade, I will ſcow[illegible] and break her Windows every night in the year.

Mrs. Gripe. Now all ye Husbands, let me Warn ye!

If you'd preſerve your Honours, or your Lives;
Ne'r dare be Tyrants o're your Lawful Wives.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

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